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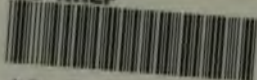
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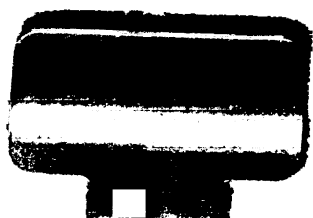
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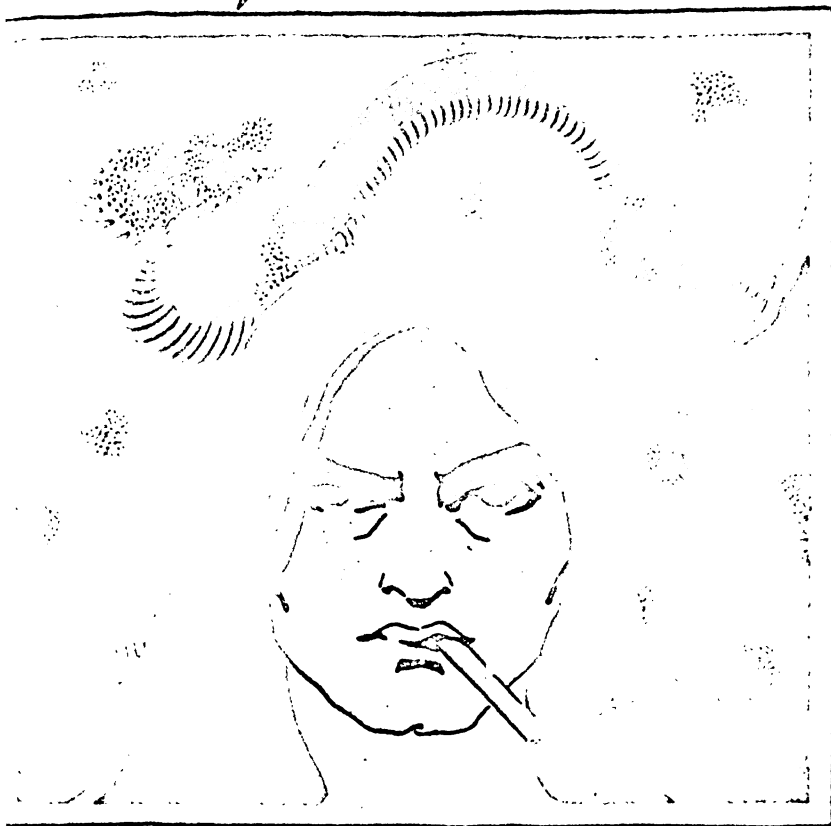
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THE STOP-REPORT



PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AMONG THE USERS OF
"DOPE"
IN THE
SAN FRANCISCO UNDERWORLD
BY FRED V. WILLIAMS



"Coke bugs! * * * Comes from seeing the shadow of the needle on your arm when you're taking a shot."—Page 21.

Photo by Lothers & Young

THE HOP-HEADS

Personal Experiences Among the Users of "Dope" in the
San Francisco Underworld

BY

FRED V. WILLIAMS

Author of "Adventures of a '38' Among the 'Bookies' of a Big City";
"Three Thousand Miles on Three Cents"; "Before the Mast
in Uncle Sam's Merchant Marine"; "Down and Out
in a Big Town"; "Tong Wars in
Chinatown," and other stories

WITH ARTICLES ON DRUG HABITS BY DR. WM. C. HASSLER,
CITY HEALTH OFFICER OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND
CAPT. JOHN J. O'MEARA, CHIEF OF THE SAN
FRANCISCO POLICE "DOPE" SQUADS



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PREFACE.

Four or five years ago, Fred V. Williams, reporter for the San Francisco "Daily News," set out with a blanket roll on his back and a few cents in his pocket to live the life of a tramp laborer.

The result of that trip was three-fold:—it "cleaned up" the mountain construction camps, in which Williams labored with pick and shovel and dynamite by the day; it set a new mark in western journalism, and it made Williams one of the best-known newspapermen in the country.

The story of his experience, printed in serial form in the "Daily News," was away from the hum-drum of ordinary newspaper recital, and it was full of human appeal.

Thereafter he went out, month after month, now as a homeless vagrant; again as a gay bachelor seeking matrimony; again as a San Francisco fireman; learning how folk live and labor, and telling of his experiences in the simple, homely fashion of a man talking at his own fireside.

His articles in the "Daily News" were the means of driving the fake clairvoyants from San Francisco;

where they had been reaping a rich harvest year after year; he exposed the fraudulent "charities" that were coining human compassion into good hard dollars; he aided Uncle Sam in the war, with a series of articles on the life of a government merchant mariner that were reprinted by the government itself; and finally he went out among the pitiful slaves of cocaine and heroin and morphine, and for the first time told the real facts concerning these outcasts of the night.

This last-named series is the one which he now presents in book form.

EUGENE MacLEAN,
Publisher, The San Francisco "Daily News."

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THE HOP-HEADS

Personal Experiences Among Users of "Dope"
in the San Francisco Underworld.

By FRED V. WILLIAMS

CHAPTER I.

THE window shades in the house on Gough Street were drawn tight to their sills.

The building was old, a relic of the days before the fire, sunk deep in shadows that bordered the ring of light from the arc of the street lamp on the corner.

A pencil of light stung the night at the foot of the door and from within came the murmur of voices.

Gingerly I ascended the creaking wooden steps that led from the sidewalk and drummed on the paneling with my finger tips after the manner of men and women in the drug world. They don't

knock on doors with their knuckles like other folks do.

The murmur of voices within ceased. The door slowly opened and a woman peered cautiously around its edge.

She stood against a background of light that flooded the hallway from a room adjoining. The light snapped out.

"Who are you?" she whispered out of the dark.

I told her—never mind what. My credentials were good.

"Come in," she said, and I felt her hand grip my wrist. Her fingers were icy cold.

She drew me gently across the threshold and guided me into the dark hallway. I heard the door close softly behind me.

"It's all right," she said, addressing some one in the other room. "Turn on the light."

A minute later the light flashed on and revealed four men and two women grouped around a table. Their eyes were on me.

"Go on in," the woman in the hallway said to me. And then addressing her company: "He's all right. He's one of us."

"Oh," chorused the group and resumed their seats.

The woman who had admitted me to the house followed me into the room. Under the light I saw she was very young and had been pretty. Her eyes were strangely bright.



"Cooking up a shot" for her company.—Page 17.
Photo by Lothers & Young

The room was plainly, if not poorly furnished. There was no carpet on the floor. The table was littered with the layout of a drug victim—from the fire blackened spoon with its bit of drug saturated cotton in the bowl to the "bindles" (packages) of "c" (cocaine) and "the gun" (hypodermic needle.)

The men in the party were all young and well if not expensively dressed. I knew them to be yeggs, one of them a "pete man" (safe blower) of almost national fame.

The women, on the other hand, were sisters in crime—"boosters" (shoplifters) and "dips" (pick-pockets) as well as prostitutes in times of emergency.

All bore the branding marks of the drugs to which they were slaves—the uncanny brightness of their eyes, the deathly pallor of their skins, the swift, jerking movements of their shoulders, arms and legs.

The girl who admitted me was called Dawson Sue. It's a habit they have in the drug world—calling one of their number by their first name and prefixing it with the city or town from which they came.

Dawson Sue lost no time in "cooking up a shot" for her company. As a matter of courtesy she turned to me.

"'C' or 'm'?" she asked with the nonchalance of a society matron serving tea.

"Neither," I replied.

"Wise, wise man," she said drolly.

A bird-like little creature among the women whose eyes were brighter than the rest murmured "c."

And Dawson Sue proceeded to sprinkle the crystal like grains of cocaine into the bowl of the spoon, mixing it with a drop or so of water and then dissolving it over her tiny lamp.

The rest watched every movement eagerly, almost greedily and the girl for whom the "shot" was being prepared slipped one of her arms out of her waist and bared her shoulder.

"Hurry, Sue," she said. And Sue, blowing out the tiny flame of her lamp, dipped the needle of her "gun" in the cotton and sucked the deadly drug into its barrel.

A minute later she plunged the needle into the white flesh of the girl and slowly pressed the "shot" home.

"Next," said Sue and a man arose from his chair, baring his arm to the shoulder as he came toward her.

"Hit the vein," he said. "I'm taking it right at the heart. And gimme a grain and a half of 'c'."

Doctors give their patients one-eighth of a grain of cocaine for medicinal purposes. Many of them contend more than a grain, even outside of the vein, will kill.

But Dawson Sue and the man before her belied

their contention. The "shot" cooked, the girl drove the needle deep into a vein in his arm and pressed hard on the plunger.

The drug drove back the spurt of blood that sought to be free and coursed with lightning rapidity to his heart.

The man closed his eyes, shuddered, trembled for a moment as though with ague and then sank weakly into his chair as Dawson Sue withdrew the needle from the flesh.

He opened his eyes. The pupils were abnormally large. His face was flushed.

"She hit the heart, all right," he said.

"How did it feel?" I asked.

"D—— near blew the top of my head off. Tingles now right to my toes. My arm is numb as h——. But, pal, I feel like a two-year-old."

And with that he asked Dawson Sue for another "shot."

CHAPTER II.

AS "shot" after "shot" of cocaine made the rounds the company became talkative.

The men openly boasted of the "jobs" they had pulled under the very eyes of the police, and the women chatted of the friends they had in hospitals and laboratories where "coke" could be had for a song.

Many of their stories were purely the figment of their drug inspired imaginations, but some of their tales rang true.

I heard the innermost gossip of the crime world, what this man and that woman was doing, how So-and-So was faring in jail, what "coppers" were honest and dishonest; their stories running to the Hall of Justice and "the fixers" that abound about the police courts.

The girl who had bared her shoulder to the "shot" mouthed her words and made horrible faces that transfixed me with horror whenever she looked at me.

One of the men arose from his seat and began to

peep through the keyhole of the door to the adjoining room.

"What are yeh doing?" growled the man they called the "Pug."

"There's somebody in the next room," replied the man in a hoarse whisper.

"G'wan!"

"I tell yeh there is. I hear 'em whispering."

And with that he drew a pocket-knife and unleashed a long blade.

"Pug" sprang from his chair and threw open the door. The adjoining room was unoccupied.

"Now! See anybody? Hear anybody whispering now?" he asked.

The man made no reply, but returned to his chair, muttering to himself and pocketing his knife, to my intense relief.

The girl who was making the horrible faces got up and went into the hallway.

Dawson Sue and "Pug" exchanged significant glances.

"May'll be having bugs in a few minutes. She's gone out to hunt them now," explained Dawson Sue sweetly.

"Bugs?" I queried at the risk of showing gross ignorance.

"Coke bugs!" she exclaimed in surprise. "You've seen 'fiends' have them, of course. Imagine bugs are under their skin. Comes from seeing the

shadow of the needle on your arm when you're taking a 'shot.' "

"Oh, yes; sure," I replied. But I wondered what May would do when she found them. I didn't have long to wait. May stumbled, swore and came into the room, digging at her wrist with a pin. Blood streamed from a fresh and open wound.

"Stop that!" ordered the "Pug."

May paid no attention to him, but continued to tear at her flesh.

"Her side is all tore up from digging at it with pins," Dawson Sue told me. "She's got her man's face all picked to pieces, too; jabs at him when he's asleep. Thinks there are bugs on him, too."

"Awful!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, well," said Dawson Sue, "we all see something, but thank heaven, I don't see bugs! Mine are rats."

"What?"

"Yes, rats! I'll see 'em in a couple of hours. But I hold off pretty well by taking a lot of 'm' along with my 'c.' That steadies you!"

With that, Dawson Sue reached for the 'c' and began to dissolve herself a "shot." Her eyes were bright now, and the fine lines at their corners deepening.

"How did you start on 'the habit?'" I asked.

"A man broke me in," she said. "I started on the pipe—smoking opium. It was great fun at first, and then one morning I woke up and realized that it was no longer play—that it was a habit."

"Then the law knocked over smoking and I took to heroin. I snuffed it and in 3 minutes I had the 'kick' that opium took 2 and 3 hours to give me.

"A lot of us didn't know really what heroin—sniff H—was, until after it was too late. And then the reaction was terrible. It takes your memory, you know. After a while you can't think. I got scared and quit and took up cocaine and morphine. I guess that's just as bad, though. Anyway it's cheaper and easier to get, though God knows the 'm' makes every cell in your body crave it."

"How about cocaine?" I asked.

"Oh, your legs and back don't ache and your stomach cramp for lack of 'c' like it does when you're without 'm.' 'C' is more of a mental craving; there's really no habit in it, but it gets your mind and soul if you have one! But 'm'—oh, boy, that just owns your body."

"And would you like to get off 'the habit' if you had a chance?" I asked.

"Would I?"

The girl's eyes were like stars. And she answered:

"Do I want to see my mother before she dies? Well, I can't go home until I'm rid of this, and they write me she hasn't much longer to live."

Unsteadily Dawson Sue reached for her "needle" and undid a "bindle" of the deadly grains of "c."

"I'm getting sentimental," she apologized. "This is the stuff that makes me forget."

CHAPTER III.

I TURNED to one of the men in the party. He was young, well dressed, and had been using the cocaine freely during the night.

They called him Walla Walla Sam, because he had once served a term in the prison of that name. His specialty, it developed, was picking pockets, with an odd job on the side at burglary or even highway robbery.

Walla Walla Sam apparently trusted me implicitly. I have said my credentials were good. He told me of a job in San Francisco that made my hair stand on end.

"How did you ever come to get on the stuff?" I asked.

He smiled grimly and pulled hard at his cigaret.

"A woman," he said laconically. "I traveled with her. That was 10 years ago, in Seattle. I was a kid then. She smoked; and broke me in. I thought it was fun—it was while it lasted. We used to sit around and 'cut up touches.'"

"Cut up touches?" I asked.

"Swap yarns on jobs we'd pulled, while we lay around and pulled at the pipe," he explained. "Al-



though I wasn't a crook then. I was straight, and worked.

"The woman soon changed that," he continued. "I was a nice, fresh-faced sort of a boy, if I do say it myself. She dressed me up and trotted me around, and then I quit my job."

"After that the hop seemed to get in my bones. I woke up one morning and found I had a habit, for sure! She sent me out on my first job, and I pulled it clean; the next one they caught me and gave me a stretch.

"I went into the 'big house' (penitentiary) a bad boy. I came out a hard man. And while I was in there I learned how to use the 'c' and the 'm' you see me hitting tonight.

"When I came out I looked up my girl. Some other guy had her. And I let her go. But she'd changed me beyond repair, I guess, although I sure would like to get off this stuff and go straight."

"Why don't you?" I asked.

"Why don't I?" he asked in turn. And he laughed harshly.

"Well," he continued, "whenever I get a 'jolt' in the can (county jail) they make me 'kick out' my habit in the 'tanks.' And you know what that means. Shutting you off from the stuff until you're so weak you can hardly stand.

"Your legs ache. Your back aches. Everything inside of you goes to pieces. You lie in your bunk as limp as a rag—first hot, then cold; and then along comes this guy McQuaide (jailer), and

throws a lot of salts to you. That weakens you all the more.

"A week or more passes of that awful agony, and then comes what we call the 'long gut,' the 'big hunger.' And they give you that awful 'chuck' out there in the county jail they call food.

"It puts flesh on you, but not meat. You are flabby and fat when you come out. And you land on the street broke and without a job. What happens? Why, you hit the dime flop-house, of course. And you miss a couple of meals.

"You sit in your little stall alone and fight off the habit by yourself, but the poor food they've given you in the can, the meals you've missed outside, have set the old cells in your body calling for morphine.

"At last you go out on the street trembling, begging for the stuff, and run into your old pals. There is a drug user here or there who has a heart. And they divide their 'bundle' with you. That's the beginning of the end. You're back on the stuff.

"Oh, they're a lot of wise guys, these coppers and doctors and jailers. They know as much about handling a 'fiend' as I do about an airplane."

Dawson Sue joined in.

"You're probably asking yourself why he's a crook and using the stuff," she began. "Well, it costs a 'fiend' all the way from \$6 to \$10 a day for his dope—'c' and 'm'—and there isn't any use in him working against prices like that. So he just lays off work and steals," she added with a wry grimace.

CHAPTER IV.

A FOOTFALL sounded on the pavement outside.
Instantly the chatter ceased.

Dawson Sue rose to her feet and with one sweep of her hand confiscated the layout on the table.

"Pug" leaned tensely forward. Denver May, starting from her lethargy, reminded me of a startled deer. Every sense in her quivering body was alert.

Dawson Sue tiptoed to the door and peered out behind a sash in the window.

"I think it was the 'cop' on the beat," she said. The hour was very late. Then added: "A 'harness bull' never scares me. But the 'dicks' are always 'stooling' around. You never can tell when they are liable to walk in. It doesn't matter whether you're peddling or just using it. Once a fiend, always a crook to them. They're not human."

And then the conversation fell to the way of a policeman in the underworld. The majesty of the courts was sadly lacking in respect to these people. It represented confiscation of their drugs, heavy fines, cruel jails and—"hush money."

It seemed that if a man or a woman who used dope was arrested they were allowed to go free if—they had money. But let a dope fiend fall into the clutches of the law without money and—well, it was jail, and there was nothing to get him out.

An uproar of mirthless laughter arose when one of the men told of "the pinch" of a peddler the other day. He was haled before a police judge. He was broke. And the judge said:

"You're the kind of a man I would like to send to jail for life. Sixty days."

In the same breath they spoke of another peddler, a peddler with money, and—the same judge.

Instead of a fine it was \$400 to the bail bond brokers. Anyway, he wasn't suffering the tortures of a lost soul in a jail cell without the stuff.

What became of the \$400? Dawson Sue sang lightly to herself and the others grinned. It was an old, old story and——

You had a dram or so of "m" and "c" on you. An officer arrested you. When you appeared in court, lo and behold, there was only a "bindle" or so of the stuff as evidence.

What became of the rest of the drug? "La, la," trilled Dawson Sue. The peddler in the next block had it now. And he was selling in competition with you.

But it was such an old, old story, and there was such hypocrisy in it all with the courts and everything. Surely the public didn't understand. If they did?

"Ah," laughed Dawson Sue, her big eyes flashing. "The public would not believe. Who are we—dope fiends—that we should be believed? The word of a dope fiend?"

And so they chattered on until under the influence of the powerful drugs they settled in to their delirium.

Denver May sprawled on the floor and grimaced terribly. "Pug" tore at his ears in search of maggots he believed were eating into his flesh. Walla Walla Sam passed his hands over the walls stupidly and muttered incoherently of strange things which would have interested the police.

But affecting me more than all the rest was Dawson Sue. Gone was her grace and poise and cheery laughter; gone the wonderful brightness of her eyes and the curves and dimples of her cheeks.

Before me in the few, short hours of that orgy in drugs the girl had changed into an old woman, a gibbering, wasted, emaciated being with wild, unseeing eyes and clawing fingers that sought imaginary things in space.

Sickened, fearful of what I had witnessed, I left my companions of the night and climbed the stairs to snatch an hour of sleep before daylight.

CHAPTER V.

I PAUSED at the head of the stairs and looked around. There were three bedrooms and a bathroom leading off the narrow hall.

Dawson Sue earlier in the night had told me to make the place my home "during my stay in San Francisco."

I proceeded to do so. The front room I selected for my own. It was better furnished than the others.

Downstairs they were making quite a racket. I expected the police to come down on us any minute. Yet I did not care to leave the house for fear of losing my connection with the drug colony in San Francisco.

I did not bother to take off my clothes, but flopped on the bed and something hard. I jumped up and pulled off the covers.

There was—a kit of burglar tools.

I had seen too many of them at police headquarters to be mistaken.

The discovery nevertheless got on my nerves. I changed my mind about taking a nap. Neverthe-

less I hated to go downstairs and face the "party" again.

While I was trying to make up my mind how to pass the time a series of light fingered raps came on the front door. Again and again the finger tips drummed on the door.

I went downstairs to the front door.

"Who is it" I asked.

"Banana," was the answer. "Hurry up. You're making me a signboard out here."

I opened the door and an undersized man wearing an overcoat and a cap pulled well down over his eyes slid around the door and into the hall with the agility of an eel.

He peered up at me suspiciously from under his cap brim. His eyes were as tiny as beads and very black. They glistened in the dim light of the hallway like a snake's.

"Who are you?" he asked abruptly.

I told him, giving my alias in the drug world and added that I was a friend of Dawson Sue.

This latter did not seem to make much of a hit with him. He grunted an incoherent reply and circled around behind me. His hands never left his coat pockets.

I gaped at him with my hand still on the knob of the door. He suddenly reached out with his foot and kicked it shut. With a jerk of his head he motioned for me to precede him into the front room. I did.

The Banana Kid like the rest, gorged himself with the drugs. The same transformation that had been worked by the opiates in the others was wrought in him.

There was a paper weight on the table. I saw the kid put it in his pocket. The act was so evidently a downright theft that I was surprised, but I was new to the drug world.

Some of the drug users retain their honesty among friends. Few can resist the temptation to steal abroad. They blame their transgressions on the soaring price of dope.

In a burst of confidence the Kid told me that he had used up his "plant" the night before.

A "plant" is a package of dope sewed deep in the lining of a fiend's clothes or tucked snugly in the toe of his shoe. It is his cache in the event that he is thrown into jail. It is his bulwark against days and nights of terrible suffering locked away from "the stuff."

"I was so hard up for a shot, I used up my 'plant.'" he explained sheepishly.

"This morning I didn't have anything to get up on. I finally managed to get on my feet and 'worked' a couple of hours," he said.

By work the Kid meant either mooching or stealing.

"I was in a cold sweat when I went out to 'connect.' (Meet a peddler.)

"And I had to hang around for a couple of

hours before 'Turkey Neck' came along. He planted me on a corner and I had another hour's wait for him. Then I was short 10c and he wouldn't give me my stuff.

"What do you think of that?" he wound up indignantly. "And I been spending \$10 and \$12 a day with him for months."

I agreed with the Kid that peddlers were hard hearted.

With the first peep of day through the blinds the drug users retired one by one to different parts of the house. I dropped down on a couch in the hallway and fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

I AWOKE with a start. Someone was tugging at my sleeve.

It was Dawson Sue. She was dressed in a black silk kimono patterned with dragons in gold cord.

In the faint light of the hallway she looked worn and ill.

"Can you 'connect'?" she asked. By "connect" she meant buy dope from a peddler on the street.

"I don't think so," I replied. "I'm not well enough known here. You see, I'm practically a stranger in town. Now, if it was New York or Chicago——"

She stopped me short with:

"The Banana Kid swiped every bit of 'stuff' we had in the house. Walla Walla Sam is about dying. And the Pug is nearly crazy. I never saw Denver May so sick. And I'm all in.

I dug down in my pocket and handed her a five-dollar bill. She took it eagerly.

"You're an angel," she said. "I'll flash this on the Pug. It'll bring him to. He'll take you out

and 'connect.' When the peddler sees you with him you can buy alone next time.

She went down the hallway. Her steps dragged. Her body seemed to sag from its own weight. Once she swayed and steadied herself by putting her hands against the walls.

I followed her into the Pug's room. He was lying on a bed. He wore silk pajamas. Great beads of cold sweat stood out on his forehead. His eyes were strained and staring. He tossed from side to side, tearing at the coverings with both hands, biting at the pillow with his teeth.

"Oh, God," he groaned. "Get me a 'shot.' Just a li'l one. I'm dying."

Then he saw me.

"See if you can't 'connect,'" he moaned. Dawson Sue leaned over him and thrust the five-dollar bill in his hand. He clutched it and rolled out of bed, landing on his feet unsteadily and reeling drunkenly.

Dawson Sue helped him into his clothes. She gave him \$2.50 in silver. He beckoned to me and dragged himself out of the house.

"Make it fast," were Dawson Sue's last words at the door. When I glanced back she was leaning weakly against the door.

"We're late," he said. "But we may 'connect' with the 'Spindle Kid' on Fillmore street. He's making his rounds now. If we miss him we'll have

to go 'way down to Foxy Maloney's joint in Golden Gate avenue."

The Pug was very weak. There was no disputing the fact. I noticed it the more after we reached the street. He had difficulty at first in even keeping his feet.

Under the prospect of meeting a peddler he brightened up after a bit.

"Sometimes even the sight of the stuff will pull me through," he told me. "Now that I'm going to get it soon, I feel better."

We mingled with the afternoon crowds on Fillmore street. The Pug was thoroughly alert now. Once we passed a policeman.

"I see them fellers sometimes in my sleep," he said. "And when I'm full of 'c' I imagine everybody I meet is a bull."

He cursed softly to himself as the policeman passed.

"The sight of him has scared every peddler off the block for half an hour," he said.

We reached a street corner and stood with a crowd waiting for a street car.

"We ought to have a couple of transfers for an alibi," volunteered the Pug. "If the cop comes up we could tell him we were waiting for a car."

We had been on the corner 15 minutes when a thin, wiry little man crossed the street. He seemed very busy and in a great hurry.

The Pug turned casually toward him. In the



second or so that they brushed in the crowd I saw the Pug hand him the greenback and silver—\$7.50 in all—and heard him say in a low tone:

“A quarter of each.”

The little man mumbled in turn instructions to meet him at another street corner.

We strolled away in opposite directions—the peddler one way and the Pug and myself the other.

“He’s planted us on in the next block,” he said. On the way to the appointed spot we passed other “fiends” who stared hard at the Pug and harder at me.

They were men and women whom the Spindle Kid had staked out along his route for deliveries on his second round, the Pug told me.

I learned that the peddler did not carry his “bindles” with him on his first round. He collected the money first, staked out his customers on various corners and then made the rounds, telling them where they would find the stuff they had ordered and paid for cached.

Some peddlers, though, worked with the “stuff” on them, I was told. Others operated from an automobile, pulling up to an appointed spot at a certain time, selling rapidly to the crowd of users gathered there, and darting away to a new corner where more customers waited for them.

CHAPTER VII.

WE waited a long time on the corner—the Pug and I—while the crowds on Fillmore hurried by us.

The man at my side was extremely nervous. He fidgeted about and gnawed at his nails, shifting from one foot to the other.

"Take it easy, Pug," I said. "He'll come by pretty soon."

"I hope he ain't pinched," replied the Pug. "If he is it is all off with me. He's got my money and I haven't got his dope."

Suddenly the dope fiend straightened like an arrow and fastened his eyes with an eager light on some one crossing the street toward us.

I followed his gaze and saw—only a little girl. She was a child of 12, or less. Her eyes were big and blue and filled, I thought, with pathos.

The fiend shuffled his feet and rubbed his hands.

"Here it is," he murmured. "The Spindle Kid hasn't been pinched."

"I don't see him," I exclaimed. "Where is he? That's only a little girl you're looking at."

I thought lack of the drug had affected the Pug's mind and he was seeing things again.

"No," he laughed scornfully. "You don't understand. That's little Mary. She's carrying his load."

Then, hurrying in her wake, the Spindle Kid loomed up. He was hurrying, yet tarrying, anxious, yet at ease, trailing the child to our side with the shuffling, ambling gait of the typical "gutter hyp."

As the little girl reached our side the Pug's hands reached out as though to take hold of her.

Instantly the Spindle Kid behind warned:

"Hands off her. You want her turned up? Leave her alone."

The Pug stepped back and the child passed on. As the Spindle Kid passed us in her wake he muttered at the Pug:

"Under the ash can—around the corner—opposite the tailor's."

The Pug had a hard time restraining himself from dashing off to "the plant." When an interval of several minutes had passed he trailed off with me by his side.

"Whose kid was that?" I asked.

"How'n h—— do I know," snarled the Pug. "Let's get that stuff."

We rounded the corner and stopped at the ash can. The Pug reached over to tie his shoe. As he

did so he slid the ash can over, and—sure enough, there were two packages of drug.

He snatched it up and passed it to a secret pocket in his clothes. We walked away. I had a hard time keeping up with him back to the house in Gough street. He fairly tore for home.

There was no need for a rap on the door when we arrived. The door swung open, gently, but quickly, and there in the hallway, wide-eyed with anxiety, pale and sweating with suffering, were Dawson Sue, Denver May and Walla Walla Sam.

They were waiting for their shots.

I will never forget the scene that followed.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAWSON SUE lighted the tiny lamp on the table.

Denver May brought out the fire-blackened spoon with its ball of dried cotton in the bowl.

And the Pug unwrapped the "bindles" of dope.

Walla Walla Sam moved restlessly about the room.

It was first come, first served in a coke den.

Men and women crowded about the drugs eagerly and with trembling hands reached for the lay-out to "cook" themselves a "shot."

The "quarter of each" (one-fourth of a dram of cocaine and morphine) was not enough for a real coke party.

It simply eased their pain, dispelled their misery, brought them for the moment up to normal again.

Directly their manner changed, eyes brightened, movements quickened. The pallor in their cheeks gave way to a faint color.

The Pug leaned back in a chair—peace and contentment written all over his face.

Dawson Sue hummed lightly to herself and began to put the rooms in order.

Denver May reached for her knitting.

In brief, the whole party became normal again.

I was getting awfully hungry. Nobody had mentioned anything about eating. It had been hours before anything to eat had been served in this house of drugs.

Finally I could stand the pangs of hunger no longer.

"I'm going out to eat," I said bluntly.

Dawson Sue was on her feet in an instant. She came toward me murmuring apologies in pretty phrases.

"How stupid of me," she said, in the drawl of polite society.

"I'll have you a breakfast in a minute."

It was then late in the afternoon.

"I can slip out just as well," I said.

"No," she warned. "You might get picked up. Better not go out until after dark."

This was a new one on me, but I sat down while she went out into the kitchen and began to rattle pots and pans.

The odor of coffee reached us, and we went in and sat around the little kitchen table.

Dawson Sue served coffee and breakfast cake encrusted with sugar. The drug addicts scraped all the sugar off the cake with their knives and ate it with a relish.

Then came cigarets—and much chatter. The sole topic of conversation was dope.

Where would they get the dope for the night? That was the question.

For the first time since the Pug had taken his shots his brow clouded with concern. The Pug was thinking hard.

It remained for Dawson Sue, however, to put thoughts into action. She got up and went to his side, whispering prettily in his ear.

The Pug started from his chair and glanced out of the window.

"Too early—too light," he said, and then the party relapsed into silence.

I was new to the world in which I had come to live. I did not know of the import of whispered words of the girl or of the Pug's laconic comment on the hour and the light.

I was soon to learn.

CHAPTER IX.

NIGHT had descended on the city. Dawson Sue smoked silently; Denver May knitted; Walla Walla Sam stretched his length on a couch and dreamed moodily.

The Pug got up and went into the next room. I heard a bureau drawer open and shut; then the metallic click of the hammer and trigger of a gun.

The dope addict came back into the room and called Dawson Sue to his side. He asked her for something. I did not catch his words.

The girl went to the mantelpiece and scooped a handful of cartridges from an ash tray. She handed them to the man.

He balanced them in his hand and thrust them into his vest pocket.

"Good night," he said gruffly.

Dawson Sue went to his side and put her hand on his arm. It was the first sign of affection I had seen between a man and a woman in the dope world.

"Be careful, Pug," she said.

He thrust her hand from his shoulder with a laugh, turned on his heel and left the room.

The girl followed him to the door. I heard it open and close gently. Then Dawson Sue came back into the room.

She was biting her lips nervously. Walla Walla Sam lay on the couch with his back turned to her.

"You big stiff!" she snarled. "If you were a man you would be in Pug's place tonight."

Walla Walla Sam did not reply. He lay very still.

"You come from 'real folks' (criminals) and you know the rules of the game," she said evenly. There was a hard note to her voice.

"If anything happens to him (the Pug) tonight and you 'spilled,' I'd take it on myself to 'bump' (kill) you off. Shake on it!"

I took the young woman's hand gingerly.

"Absolutely," I drawled, trying to appear unconcerned. "You know me. The little friend."

Dawson Sue laughed. But there was no mirth in it. It was a hollow, heartless sort of a laugh that ended with a sob and all but choked her.

She sank limply into a chair and buried her head in her hands. She sat there in the gloom of that little room among the rest of us—the picture of despair.

"Sue loves him," Denver May whispered to me as if confessing a weakness of the girl.

"Loves him?" I replied. "I didn't know there was such a thing as love around dope."

"Denver May jabbed at her knitting and twisted her lips into a wry smile. The effects of the drugs were fast leaving her. The shadows were deepening under her eyes, the lines hardening about her mouth.

"There is such a thing as love among us," she replied. "Only it seldom finds a way of expressing itself."

"And you?" I asked gently.

"Have you ever been in love?"

Denver May let the knitting drop from her lap.

"I'll tell you a story," she said. "I know you won't believe it. I loved a man so well that I began using this stuff for his sake."

"How was that?" I asked in surprise.

"He was a fiend," she said. "I wasn't. But I didn't know he used 'the stuff.'"

"Time came when I went to live with him. Then I found out. The thing horrified me so that I determined to leave him.

"But I loved him. And I tried to break him off the habit."

"I was a fool kid then. I didn't know any better. You see he had me on the streets then. I worked for the love of him. Honest to God I did.

"And he knew he'd lose me if I didn't use 'the stuff,' too.

"So one night when I was asleep he gave me a

'shot' of 'm' in the arm. I'll never forget it. The pin prick. It hurt.

"And I started up. But he drove 'the stuff' well home and it was in my blood when I was awake.

"I had gone to bed feeling mighty tired. I was all in. But when I awoke the 'shot' made me feel fine.

"That was the beginning of the end. It didn't take long for him to break me in. I'd already tried 'the pipe' (opium) for fun; then I took to heroin and finally to 'the stuff' he was using."

Dawson Sue lurched from her chair and would have fallen had I not caught her.

She gripped the lapel of my coat and in a voice which trembled with emotion said:

"Go out and see if you can find 'Pug.' I'm afraid, kid, they've got him this time. Please go."



Dawson Sue busied herself with the dope and the Pug this time buried the needle in his own arm.—Page 50.

Photo by Lothers & Young

CHAPTER X.

WITH Dawson Sue's entreaties to find the Pug ringing in my ears, I started out to find the dope fiend for her.

I knew it was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Instead of me finding the Pug, he found me.

I was rounding the corner and deep in the shadows of an old building when a man hurried toward me. He was breathing hard.

"Hello," he called out of the dark.

It was the Pug.

He shot out his hand in what I supposed was friendly greeting. I extended mine.

The Pug slipped me a gun.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"Duck around the block. Stay out about 15 minutes. And then come back to the house," he answered.

With that he moved away.

I was not only perplexed, but disturbed. Nevertheless, I followed instructions.

It was an uncomfortable 15 minutes. When I

returned to the house in Gough street Dawson Sue admitted me.

Her face was smiling. Her cheeks dimpled. Her eyes were bright as stars.

"You're a dear," she murmured. "It was awfully good of you. Everything is all right."

Around the table stood the Pug and Denver May with—a stranger.

He was a heavy-set young fellow.

Dawson Sue introduced him to me as Harry the Rat, just out of the county jail with a lot of news from "the folks."

The Rat had ferret-like eyes and nimble fingers that played nervously with a "bindle" of cocaine.

He eyed me suspiciously at first, inquiring pointedly of certain places in the New York and Chicago underworld.

The Pug dropped wearily into his chair.

"M and c, and then m and c all over again, Sue," he said. "I have had a close shave."

"I almost had to kill a bull. If I had had more coke in me I probably would. That guy will never know how near he came to being bumped off."

Dawson Sue busied herself with the dope and the Pug this time buried the needle in his own arm and pressed the plunger home.

He followed up shot after shot.

The Rat followed suit.

"I d—— near died in that can of Finn's," he

said. "That guy McQuaide dosed me with salts until I thought I would croak.

"The old fellow is a nut on the idea that he can cure a fiend. And he just experiments with them.

"I did most of my suffering in the city prison. I laid on that cement floor, weak as a cat. Say, I begged a cop for a shot and he laughed at me.

"First hot, then cold," he continued. "You know—burning up one minute and freezing the next. Head aching, back aching.

"Bones cracking right to the marrow.

"And then a minute of sleep.

"Some guy's face in a dream. Grinning at you, leering at you.

"Then awake again."

The others nodded in affirmation and sympathy.

"Poor boy," whispered Dawson Sue. "I know what you went through."

"Well," went on the Rat, "I tried to kill myself; tried to find something to end it all.

"They left me alone for a couple of days. I couldn't eat. I got to having a lot of dreams about guys giving me a shot.

"And just as the 'pin' was going 'home' I'd wake up and realize the misery I was in.

"I tell you," said the Rat seriously, "I'll never go through with it again. I'm going to carry poison after this, and take it if they get me.

"When they took me into court I'd have admitted murder to get a shot, but pleading guilty

wouldn't do any good. If you asked the court for a shot they'd give you the horse laugh.

"The cops said I was a hard guy and the judge agreed with them. He give me three months and out to McQuaide and his d—— salts I went.

"I was so weak they had to boost me into the wagon. And when I got out there I was so weak that I went down flat on my face when the cold water hit me. I thought I'd drown, but they just laughed at me, and said I needed a bath."

The Pug clenched his fist and ground his teeth. His face darkened with anger and hate.

"I've been through it, Rat. I know what you're talking about. They don't give us a square deal. They won't give us a chance.

"For my part I'm giving them as good as they send; I'm evening the score. Tonight I——"

"Aw, shut up," drawled Dawson Sue. "You'll be confessing to murder next. Lay off that c for a while and take some m."

The Pug shrugged his shoulders, scratched his neck and reached for his "pin."

He turned to me.

"Give me my gat," he said.

I reached for the gun. It was gone.

Dawson Sue was standing across from me. She laughed merrily and spun the missing weapon swiftly at the Pug. He caught it deftly in midair and returned it to his pocket.

I joined in the laugh that went around the circle at my expense.

"How'd you do it?" I asked the girl.

"Practice makes perfect," she replied.

"Neat work," commented Harry the Rat.

"I was watching you give 'the stranger' the 'fan.'"

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER having my pocket picked of the Pug's gun, I began to feel cautiously for my money. It was safe and intact.

The "lifting" of the gun had been merely a prank on the part of Dawson Sue.

A gentle rap came on the door. Dawson Sue swept the table of the dope and needles, hid the lamp, over which the stuff was cooked, and answered it.

She called the Pug into the hallway. They held a whispered conversation; then summoned me.

At the door was a tall, thin fellow who nearly started out of his shoes when he saw me.

The Pug admonished him to "keep his shirt on." Again I was introduced as "real folks."

The Pug turned to me.

"I want you to do me a favor," he said.

"I want you to take a package over to a girl in a room on Fillmore street. She's very sick. They got her man in jail.

"And he can't communicate with her without



giving her away. I'd do it myself, but I'm liable to be picked up."

I told the Pug I would be glad to accommodate him.

I knew this new mission would give me another chance to see something more of the drug world and its people.

The Pug went back into the room and came out with a small package and a note sealed in an envelope.

"She doesn't know her fellow is in jail and she's afraid to come out on the streets," he explained. "You take this up to her and if she carries on any about her fellow, why, quiet her down."

The "messenger" went into the next room to help himself to a "shot."

"Why can't he go?" I asked.

"I can't trust him," replied the Pug. "That's the tough thing about dope. You can't trust anybody that uses it—not even your best friends."

I put on my coat and hat, said goodnight to the party, and left the house with the package "ditched" in the lining of my coat.

The lights were burning brightly on Fillmore street when I reached it.

I had no difficulty in finding the address.

It was a cheap, upstairs lodging house over a store.

The stairs creaked as I ascended them. The place smelled musty.

A dim light burned at the head of the stairs.

There was a bell cord for the landlady, but I did not ring.

I went on up another flight of stairs and found the number of the girl's room. Then I rapped lightly with my finger tips.

There was no answer.

I rapped again.

Then I turned the door knob. The door opened.

The room was in darkness.

"Who is that?" called a woman's voice, faint, but vibrant with alarm.

"A friend with a message for you," I said.

"You'll find a match to your right," replied the woman.

"Light the lamp."

I fumbled about in the dark, found the match, struck it and lighted the lamp. Then I looked around.

The room was old, dingy and dirty, but littered with a woman's finery.

On the bed in the corner of the room, the sheets tucked tightly about her chin was framed against a pillow the childlike face of a beautiful girl.

Her skin was as white as marble. She seemed an apparition in the flickering, shadow-bordered light of the old lamp on the bureau.

The girl's lips moved slowly.

I crossed the room to her side to catch what she was saying.

"Where is he?" she asked. She spoke so faint and low that I could scarce distinguish the words.

"In jail," I replied.

A tear glistened in her eye.

"Don't worry," I hastened to assure her. "He'll come out. I don't think they've got anything on him."

"He's broke," she answered faintly, but with a finality that dispensed with all hope of his going free.

"I have a package from the Pug for you," I said. Her eyes brightened; then flashed eagerly as I drew the article from the lining of my coat.

"The stuff," she said and thrust an arm from beneath the sheet.

I stepped back in horror at what I saw.

CHAPTER XII.

THE girl's arm was covered with sores. It was in striking contrast to her face. I have said her face was beautiful. There was not a blemish on her skin. But her arms——

The sight repelled me.

She bit her lips.

"Don't make things harder for me," she said.

"I beg your pardon," I replied. And I gave her the package the Pug had made up for her.

She grasped it eagerly, undid it with trembling fingers. Inside was dope—c and m— enough for a night's orgy in drugs.

From under her pillow she drew a spoon and hypodermic needle.

"Oh, this is good," she murmured. "I have suffered so. The Pug is a real friend."

I turned my back while she "cooked" a "shot."

"What is the matter with your arms?" I asked after she had finished.

"The stuff," she replied. "It's torn me to pieces."

"How long have you been using dope?"

"A year and a half."



"How old are you?"

"Not quite 20."

"How did you start?" I queried, after a pause.

"Him," she replied.

"The man in jail?"

"Yes."

"What did you do before you met him?"

"I was a chorus girl—in Chicago."

"And he?"

"A chorus man."

Then she added:

"He broke me into a vaudeville act. He used the stuff. I didn't. Then he got me to use dope, too.

"It took me fast. There is no hope now. I wish to God I were dead."

"Your people?"

"They don't know. They'll never know."

She moved restlessly.

"A cure?" I questioned.

The girl smiled grimly.

"You mean jail?"

"No. Hospitals," I replied.

"There are no hospitals for people without money," she answered, bitterly. "The law doesn't cure a 'fiend.' You know that."

"There are places in this city which would take care of you," I said.

"Don't kid me. It's too late," she replied.

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"Not for a couple of days."

"I'll——"

"You could bring me some cake or fruit," she interrupted. "Or a pie or something."

The girl tapped the package of dope the Pug had sent her.

"Tell the Pug I sure appreciate this," she said. "It's better than food for me now. I wonder if the Pug could spare any more?"

I told her I would ask him.

"If I only had enough to keep me from suffering until he comes out," she said.

When I left her she was plunging the needle deep into her skin.

CHAPTER XIII.

I DID not go back to Dawson Sue's house in Gough street.

Instead I struck out down for Third and Market.

Below Market, in Third, and on the southern side of an alley, is a lunch place.

I knew this spot to be the mart of the dope peddlers, the gathering place of the dope addicts.

You can see them any day at 3 in the afternoon or at 6 and 9 at night.

These are the hours on which the peddlers make their rounds. From all quarters of the city the addicts come for their "bindles."

They are of the lower type of hop-heads, the gutter hyps who buy in \$1 and \$2 and at the most \$3.50 quantities.

This money is secured largely from the thefts of small articles about town or it is "mooched" on the streets.

En route to the place I met many men I knew to be dope users. They were hurrying to the market for their drug for the night.

Let one of them be a dime shy, a minute late and he would have to wait until the next day for his dope. Coke waits for no man in the drug world.

The addict must wait for hours; the peddler's time is his own. Sometimes the peddlers are late.

That is caused either by an arrest or the appearance of strange police.

I found the restaurant filled with haggard, gaunt, tatterdemalion figures, tarrying over their coffee and sugar crusted cakes.

The peddlers were late tonight. The drug users had been waiting many hours.

I went into the dairy lunch, ordered a cup of coffee and a "snail" and sat down at a table to watch the crowd.

Across from me sat an old man in shabby clothes. He wore a Van Dyke. His coat was shiny; his shoes patched.

He drummed with his finger tips on the table, his eyes fastened on the door.

Some one touched me on the arm. I looked up. It was Harry the Rat. I had met him at the Pug's.

He asked me what I was doing there. I told him I was sizing up "the bindle market."

"See that old man over there?" he asked.

I told him I had been watching the man.

"Well, that guy used to be a big doctor in town,"

replied the Rat. "He waits around here for his stuff every night. All in now. They'll find him dead some night under the sidewalks."

A middle-aged man joined us. The Rat knew him well. He told me the chap used to be a vaudeville actor of some note; then a cafe entertainer, finally a tramp and a thief and a dope fiend.

I asked him how long he had been using "the stuff." He told me eight years.

"It's got so high I can't hold a job any more," he said. "My clothes are all going to pieces. I'm a bum now if there ever was one."

"And you could sing pretty good. I remember you at——"

"Don't talk of the old times," said the man. "It makes me sick to think of it. I have sure made a mess of my life. I can't go home. I've got a wife and kid in Bakersfield, too. And I can't get, much less hold, a job."

The fellow tucked in his frayed cuffs and wrenched at his hands nervously. Suddenly he started from his chair.

Harry the Rat followed suit.

There was a rush and a stir all over the place. Out on the street, through the plate glass window, I saw a crowd of men and boys, besieging, crowding, shoving, fighting to get at the man in their midst.

"What's up?" I asked the Rat.

"That's the peddler," said the Rat. "It's the chance to buy. Come on!"

CHAPTER XIV.

I HUNG on the outskirts of the crowd which surged about the dope peddler on the curbing. The Rat dove into the struggling mob and snatched a purchase. He eeled his way to my side again.

"I got mine," he said. "Business is good tonight. Let's go."

We lost no time in getting away.

"It's a wonder that peddler doesn't get pinched," I said.

"He works too fast," replied the Rat. "The cop is a block away."

"He knows the corner is clear for him when he makes the sales. They never take any chances."

I looked back. The crowd was gone.

In a few minutes some 15 or 20 drug addicts had been served their "papers." A policeman passed us—none the wiser for what had occurred.

The Rat led me across the street and down Stevenson to the alley that skirts the northern wing of the Palace hotel.

We passed down the alley to an excavation off Mission street.

A wooden fence railed the lot in. Below the sidewalk was the ruin of a building destroyed by the fire of 1906.

The pit of the lot was wrapped in darkness.

As we approached a ragged figure scurried toward us. The Rat addressed the man.

The fellow stared suspiciously at me.

"He's all right," said the Rat. "One of the Pug's friends."

The man scampered away and went over the fence. He disappeared in the pit of the lot below. "Come on," said the Rat, and climbed over the fence. I followed him.

The way under the sidewalk was cut down a cement pillar in which steps had been niched for the men of the underworld.

The man below me steered my feet into the niches. My progress below was slow. Finally I thought I had reached the bottom and let go.

I fell pell mell into a pile of tin cans with a crash that echoed through the caverns of the old ruins under the sidewalk.

When I regained my feet I saw dark figures running across the excavation bottom in all directions. The Rat was hissing at them not to be afraid; that I was all right.

He then led me to the Mission street end of the lot and deep under the sidewalk.

A dim light burned in a small keg set inside of a big box.

The corner of the excavation under the sidewalk was littered with bundles of old newspapers. On a pile of these huddled the figure of a man in rags.

The Rat bent down before the light and picked up the cover of a tobacco tin.

"Been cooking shots when we came down," he said. "There's always a coke party on down here after 1 and 2 in the morning."

One by one the phantom-like figures of the dope addicts drifted out of the shadows and to our side.

Most of them were boys. Some of them were 18 and 19; others 20 and 25. The oldest was not more than 30.

The faces of these boy drug users were haggard and drawn. Their eyes were wide staring and strained. Most of them were pitifully thin.

Unshaven, ragged and unkempt, they loomed in the shadows that skirted the feeble light like ogres of the night.

At first they regarded me with suspicion; then with a feeling akin to friendliness. The Rat had brought down a goodly quantity of cocaine and morphine.

Their own little "bindles" had been exhausted in the early orgy of the night. The Rat, with lavish hospitality, spread the papers of "c" and "m" on the box.



Instantly the ragged figures crept close about the box. Trembling, skeleton-like fingers clawed at the packages.

One of the addicts, younger than all the rest, a boy of 18, I should say, knelt square before the light and bared his arm.

"Gimme your safety pin, Sacramento," he said. The man addressed as Sacramento, hovering near, handed him an old bent pin.

The boy first cooked himself a shot of morphine—two grains I think it was—then drew it into an eye dropper. He was kneeling on an old newspaper.

I watched him closely. He seized the safety pin and jabbed it deep into his arm. The blood spurted from the vein. It splashed the newspaper at his knees a bright red in ugly spots.

The boy inserted the point of the eye dropper in the open, wound, but his hand was unsteady.

The rush of blood washed "the gun" away so that a drop or so of the precious "c" trickled down his blood-stained arm.

An exclamation of disgust followed the mishap.

"Don't waste it, Bobbie," pleaded a hoarse voice at his back.

CHAPTER XV.

THE boy seized the safety pin again and jabbed it viciously into the flesh, widening the wound.

This time the point of the eye-dropper held its place and the last of the drug was driven into his veins.

Another person took his place before the light. He, too, was just a boy.

And he used a safety pin, the same pin.

I judged the boy to be 20 or 21. Like his predecessor, he also was in rags. He took only cocaine.

His jolt was a heavy one.

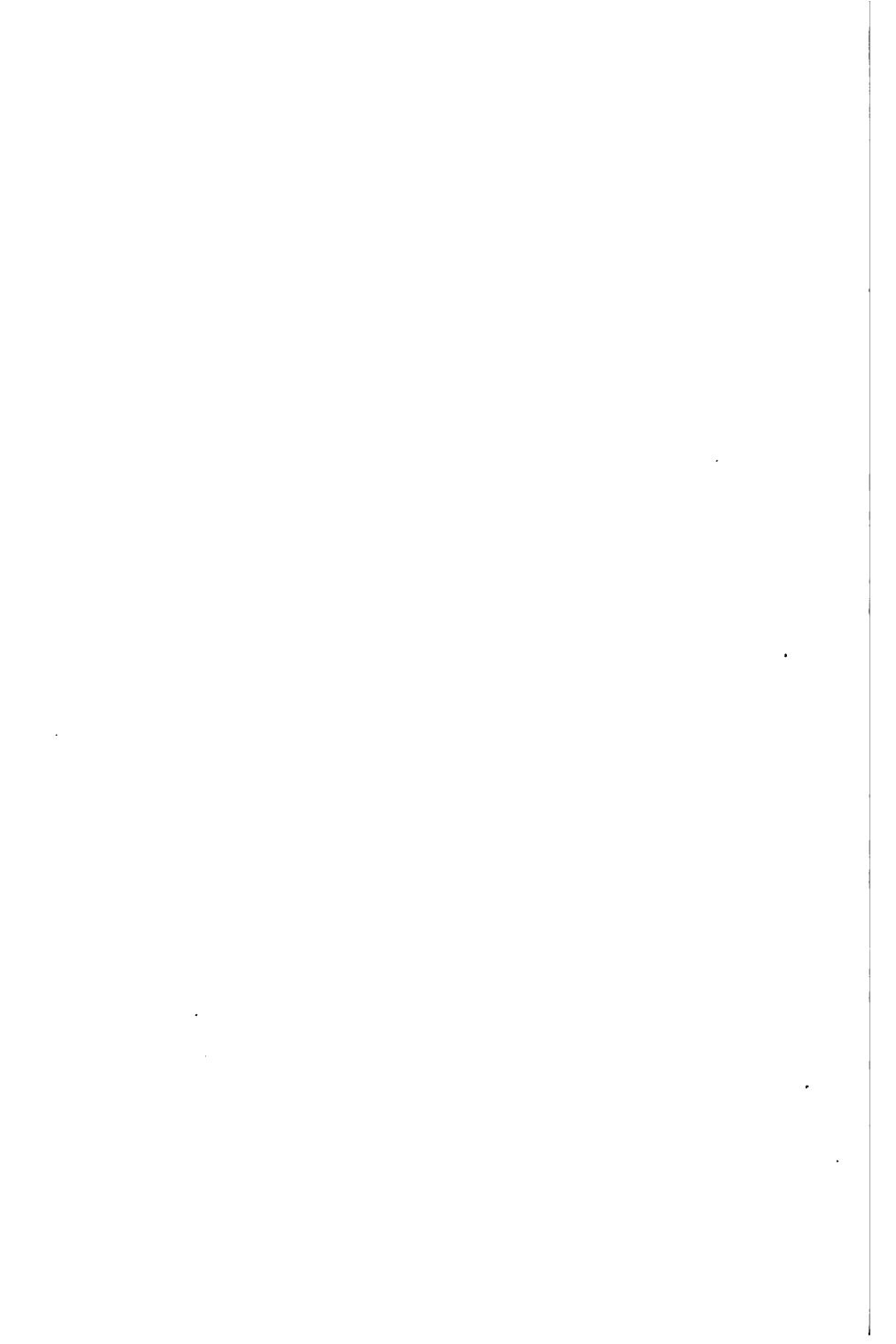
And he insisted on taking another one on top of it despite the protests of his fellows who crowded around and huskily demanded their turn.

"How did you fellows start?" I asked.

"Jail," said one of them out of the dark. "Got a jolt in the 'can.' They put me in with a lot of 'fiends.' I started with them."

"And you?" I asked of another shadowy figure at my side.

"Bad company. Knocking around under the sidewalks on the bum with birds like these."



"The pipe," said another. "Smoked just for fun. Had a good job then.

"All over now. Can't smoke. Cops smell it. Easier to shoot in out of the way joints like this."

"Why do you fellows use the safety pin?"

"Needles are expensive. When you get one the cops take it away from you when you're pinched."

I felt a light touch at my hip pocket. I sensed the presence of someone behind me.

And then a hand stole softly over my clothes.

The Rat, standing near me, snarled at the man behind.

"Aw, let him alone. I told you he wasn't a bull. He ain't got any gat on his hip."

The addicts circled me one by one. They kept up a constant succession of "shots" before the light in the keg.

The newspaper on which they knelt was red with their blood.

One of the boys showed me his shoes. They were worn and torn. He wore no socks, no underclothes.

Just a ragged cap, a dirty, torn shirt; a coat, a pair of pants, and the shoes falling to pieces on his feet.

"That's what the stuff is bringing me to," he said. "It costs me \$6 and \$8, and sometimes \$10 a day to keep in the stuff. I don't have enough to live on or to dress myself on.

"God, what a life!"

"Why don't you take the cure?"

He looked up at me wistfully.

"The cure? The cure costs money. And the jails don't cure.

"If a guy could get reduced; if they could take him off the stuff gradually, so he wouldn't have to suffer, and then feed him up afterward—why, there would be a chance."

Another man mentioned the clinic in New York and New Orleans.

"Why, you can get your stuff at \$1 or so a day," he said. "You can hold a job. And they cure you free, too."

An hour passed and still the boys feverishly shot themselves full of coke. The "m" was all gone now. It was "c," the most deadly of all drugs to which men and women are slaves.

And then, as the "c" ran riot in their blood and brains, strange things happened in the caverns beneath the sidewalks; scenes of which men in the world above the sidewalks know nothing and do not see.

The boy slaves of dope ceased to be human beings. They became creeping, crawling things without the power of connected speech or thought.

They wallowed in the filth and refuse under the sidewalks, suffering the dread illusions to which the slaves of cocaine are heir.

CHAPTER XVI.

COCAINE first numbs, then quickens the senses.

It inspires either fear or courage.

The drug fires the brain and ravishes the body.

A thousand conflicting thoughts struggle on the moment for the supremacy of the mind.

The body is a willing slave to each and every one of them. The muscles are torn between their duties to each mad idea.

A man in a weakened physical condition may run miles under the influence of cocaine, and then fall in a faint as the power of the drug dies within him.

Charged with the deadly "c," an addict may show superhuman courage or abject cowardice; he may hold up a bank on a busy street in daylight, or he may cower in fear at the mere sight of a policeman's uniform and star.

It all depends on the peculiar twist the drug gives to the mind of the man or woman who uses the stuff.

A desire to be alone first sweeps over nearly

every person who uses it to excess—an impulse to crawl away and hide in the darkness like a wounded animal.

And then, alone under the influence of his drug, the user suffers the illusions which cocaine invariably exacts from the minds of its victims.

The obsession, the apparition, is invariably the same, and it brings the cold sweat out all over him. Of course these are the most advanced cases, suffering from excessive use of the drug.

I describe their symptoms in detail so that you may understand the actions of my strange and weird companions of the night.

As the dope dragged them into mad delirium they stole away into the shadows to be alone with their fantasies.

At first, they stood like grim statutes in the dark; then their movements quickened, and they emitted curious little animal-like sounds.

One boy tore frantically at his sleeve in search of a rat! Another wrenched at his shirt, dropped to his knees, and whimpered pitifully.

His illusion was a snake coiling about his body. The Rat told me he actually felt the slimy body of the snake about his flesh, and would soon feel the very bite of its teeth!

A youngster who had doped himself freely with "c" during the night climbed high in the cone of the sidewalk roofing, muttering incoherently of water.

The Rat tried to call him down, but he refused to heed.

"That guy can hear water dripping all over this place," said the Rat. "I've been there myself; I know."

At our feet a boy groveled in the refuse of the lot and searched dumbly among the tin cans and the papers.

"He's got 'em, too," said the Rat. "But nobody has ever been able to find out what he hunts for."

A great pity arose in me for these youngsters who were slaves to the stuff which robbed them of their minds. It was an old sight and an older story to the Rat.

"You'll see 'em come to pretty soon," said the Rat. "And then they'll run all over town like race horses."

"I found myself up on Twin Peaks one morning. Ran all the way out there, during the night, without stopping, thinking a cop was chasing me."

Sure enough, in a few minutes the grim, ghastly figures about me began to shoot this way and that.

They raced out of the cavern and up the sides of the old foundation ruins; then into the street.

I watched them as they ran away.

"Where are they going?" I asked. "What are they going to do?"

The Rat chuckled.

"They don't know," he said. "Daylight will find them all over town, and then——"

"And what?"

"Folks will begin to miss things," laughed the Rat.

CHAPTER XVII.

I VISITED "the hole" the next afternoon.

I wanted to see what it looked like in daylight; whether or not the drug users inhabited it in the daytime.

The old box and keg with its candle; the piles of papers and tin cans; the tobacco tin covers on which the morphine was "cooked," were all there, but the place was deserted save for one figure.

He was a negro, and he hummed happily to himself.

When he saw me he started to his feet, but did not run.

"Go ahead," I said. "Don't mind me. Blow your head off."

He laughed.

"I don't take it in the vein," he replied. "Just crawled in here to get a li'l pep. How's tricks?"

"Fine," I told him. "Only I'm a stranger in town. And I can't find any place to 'smoke.'"

"That's easy," said the negro, preparing to take a "shot."

"I haven't found it so."

"What's your 'moniker'?" he asked bluntly.

"Moniker" is underworld slang for name.

"Well, they know me as the 'Clinic Kid,'" I replied.

The Negro looked shocked.

"Why?" he asked in astonishment.

"Because I'm out here to find if the hypos will appreciate a clinic if one is started for them. And the dope I get on them I send to the main office in New York. We're going to start one here if we see the hypos will really appreciate it.

"I haven't anything to do with the cops; I'm not even friendly with the revenue people," I hastened to assure him. "My people don't believe jails cure.

"We're going to cut out the peddler and make the hospitals take the place of jails."

The negro seemed impressed. He took another jolt—a deep, long shot of cocaine.

Then he said.

"I'm the Ace of Spades, although sometimes they call me the Dark Mystery."

"The Dark Mystery," I mused. "That's a good one. Why do they call you that?"

"Because I use \$18 and \$20 worth of this stuff a day, and nobody ever seen me do any work," he laughed.

"How'd you get on the stuff?" I asked.

I knew a good story was coming. A dope addict always has a good one up his sleeve.

Sometimes it smacks of the truth.

More often it is a downright figment of his cocaine-inspired imagination.

But, truth or lie, this one held me spellbound while he spun it.

And in places it had a Laura Jean Libby novel running neck-and-neck for first place.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALTHOUGH the dope world called him the "Ace of Spades," the negro was not black. There was a strong mixture of white blood in his veins.

The setting of his story was laid in an old southern mansion in Virginia where a prominent surgeon and his son and daughter lived with a little negro boy the age of the white children.

The negro lad was the playmate of the white children, after the custom of the old southern families, and the physician treated him more like a son than a servant.

The family finally moved to Washington. Here the white boy and girl, now grown, entered society.

The white boy and girl became addicted to the habit of smoking opium. The negro lad, patterning after them in all things, soon smoked, too.

The father discovered his children were opium smokers, but did not learn the negro smoked, too.

He sent them on a sea voyage in the care of the colored lad.

At sea the girl killed herself. The brother dis-

appeared. The negro, unable to face their father, never returned home.

Instead, he lingered in the Pacific Coast cities, sinking deep into the mire of their tenderloins, drifting from opium into the habit of cocaine and morphine.

The Ace of Spades seemed visibly affected by his story. He wiped his eyes and reached for another shot.

I was not so sure, however, the story was true. Among dope users, especially those addicted to cocaine, you may hear the wildest yarns imaginable.

A dope user is invariably the biggest liar on earth.

After a few more long shots of "c" the Ace of Spades chatted freely of local conditions. He showed a wide range of knowledge of the local underworld.

It developed he had been a successful "dip" until his face had become too well known to the police.

This fact, while it deprived him of the chance of working in crowds, made him valuable to other pickpockets.

He was sent out ahead of "mobs," attracting the attention of the police while they worked.

"Whenever I walk down Market street the bulls don't pay any attention to anybody but me," said the Ace of Spades. "The 'mob' can follow right up

behind them and work right and left—the bulls never see anybody but me.

"On the day President Wilson came a mob took me out and sent me ahead of them. Two dicks picked me up like a shot.

"I led them away from the Emporium entrance and kept them stalled watching me until the mob officed (signaled) me they were through. Then I let the dicks take me in tow.

"Later I learned the mob cleaned up \$750 in 20 minutes—while the dicks were watching me.

"The cops were so ashamed of it they didn't even book me as their own prisoner. They turned me over to a 'harness bull.' "

The Ace of Spades confided to me that although he had been "pinched" numerous times, he was never in jail more than 15 minutes at a time.

It appeared he was an opium runner for a big joint in town and that in reward for his services to a powerful ring, jail doors opened for him as fast as they closed.

The Ace of Spades had a good word for the McDonough brothers. I found these men looked on more in the light of a friend than an enemy by the habitues of the underworld.

It seemed that sometimes a crook's word was as good as a bond. Arrested, jailed, a man like the Ace of Spades, known as a dope user and pick-pocket, found a ready friend in the bail bond men who put up his bail without security and trusted

to his coming around in a day or so and paying the \$2.50 charged on the \$100 bail money.

This was a new one on me, and I questioned the Ace of Spades closely on it.

It developed another \$2.50 was added to the charges against men of the Ace of Spades type. This \$2.50 was known as "fall dough," or "fixer money."

The Ace of Spades assured me that the payment of this extra \$2.50 on a trivial vag arrest, carried with it the guarantee that the arrested man went free.

"I don't know how it is cut up, but it never fails to do its work," said the Ace of Spades.

It was late in the afternoon.

"I've got to go and arrange a 'transfer' of opium over the bay tonight," he said. Meet me at 9 on Third and Market and we'll run over to 'the Chink's' for a smoke.

"There may be some women smoking there tonight, but I think I can fix it."

CHAPTER XIX.

TWENTY-EIGHT tins of opium were smuggled across the ferry from Oakland that night. The lot was valued at \$8,000.

I was an unwitting factor in the smugglers foiling the federal agents.

The action in the little drama of real life that night was as fast as any Sherlock Holmes play.

It picked me up at its inception and swept me along into its climax. As a result I was chased by the police all over town that night. They thought I was one of the gang.

I counted myself somewhat clever on getting into the good graces of the "Ace of Spades," and securing an underworld passport into the opium dens.

Little did I realize at the time that the negro was playing me as hard as I was playing him.

He used me as a tool by which the transfer of opium was made, the federal agents outwitted and the boss of the job got away scot free.

I have since learned that the opium was carried across the bay in two old suit cases; that in the

check room at the ferry station were exact duplicates of these two suit cases, even to an old string tied around the handles and a deep scratch in the side of the grip.

Put the four suit cases together and you could not tell them apart. The only difference between the sets was that the suit cases coming across the bay were filled with \$8,000 worth of opium.

The suit cases checked at the ferry station were filled with cans of dirt.

While I stood on the corner of Third and Market streets, waiting for the Ace of Spades he stepped off the Oakland ferry boat with the suit cases of opium.

Hard on his heels were three federal agents, two men and a woman. Advancing to meet him was another federal agent, posing as a member of the opium ring and bearing in proof a letter in the writing of the negro's boss.

He stopped the Ace of Spades and handed him the note. The negro told him to wait a minute and checked his grips.

The federal agents did not dare attempt a seizure of the opium then for fear of losing the rest of their quarry—the men outside who were waiting for the report of the arrival of the "hop."

In the brief moment that followed the checking of the grips a "ferry commuter" brushed by the negro.

Under the very eyes of the federal men, yet un-

seen by them, the checks were exchanged—the negro getting the check calling for the fake grips, the commuter the check calling for the real ones.

One glance at the note purporting to come from his boss showed the Ace of Spades that "it did not speak his language."

There was a pin hole missing.

The tail of the "p" did not start from the fifth line on the paper.

But the negro did not make a sign. He pretended to accept the letter in the best of faith—all the time moving away from the check room, trailed by the government men.

Their interest was centered on him and the check he had. It did not occur to them that the suit cases filled with opium would be "switched" behind their backs.

If they did watch the check room it was not evident from later results, for while the negro was chatting with the pseudo message-bearer the "ferry commuter" called with the check he had taken from the negro and carried away the opium.

Time was now the essential thing so far as the smugglers were concerned — time to whisk that opium out across the city and into its den.

The negro must have then thought of me. He told the purported messenger that I was waiting for him at the corner of Third and Market, that I was one of the bosses; to see me and tell me to come

down at once to the ferry building and get the suit cases of opium.

He even intimated to the disguised federal man that federal agents at the moment were watching him. This bit of grim humor must have hit its mark hard.

While the negro idled at the ferry building the pseudo messenger set out after me. He approached me on the corner of Third and Market streets.

"What's your name?" he asked. "You waiting for the Ace?"

I told him I was waiting for the negro.

The federal man handed me a note on which was scrawled an incoherent message purporting to come from the Ace.

This note asked me to go to the ferry building, warning me federal agents were on the job.

I was directed to meet the Ace, get the ferry checks from him, take away the suit case and "transfer" their contents to the "joint."

I had a hard time making it all out. When I looked up "the messenger" was gone.

I boarded a street car for the ferry. A man got on behind me.

His efforts to appear unconcerned were clumsy.

I knew on the moment I was being shadowed.

"What next?" I asked myself. I knew I was in store for an adventure.

CHAPTER XX.

SEATED across from me on the street car was the Ace of Spades.

He "officed" (signaled) me not to recognize him.

Near us was seated a woman. She was greatly interested in the negro—and me.

The man who boarded the car behind me watched me narrowly out of the corner of his eye.

As the street car reached the ferry we all rose as one and moved toward the car steps. The negro gave me a warning poke in the ribs and jumped off, making his way down the waterfront.

I waited until the car had stopped opposite the ferry building, got off and followed in his direction. At a discreet distance, lurking in the shadows, three more men took up our trail.

I could not see the negro. I knew he was waiting for me somewhere in the shadows of the Embarcadero.

Suddenly he called to me from out of the dark. I went up to him.

"Why didn't you come down to the ferry sooner," he asked.

"I just got your message," I replied.

The Ace of Spades cursed softly.

"I sent that message to you half an hour ago," he said. "That's bad. That federal guy trailed me then instead of going directly to you. Anyway, the 'mud' is safe."

"Mud" in the hop world is opium.

The Ace of Spades led me along the waterfront, hugging close to its shadows, and then darted across the street and up Washington.

Looking back, we saw three figures scurrying across the Embarcadero half a block down the waterfront.

The Ace of Spades started in a dog trot, looking to the right and left.

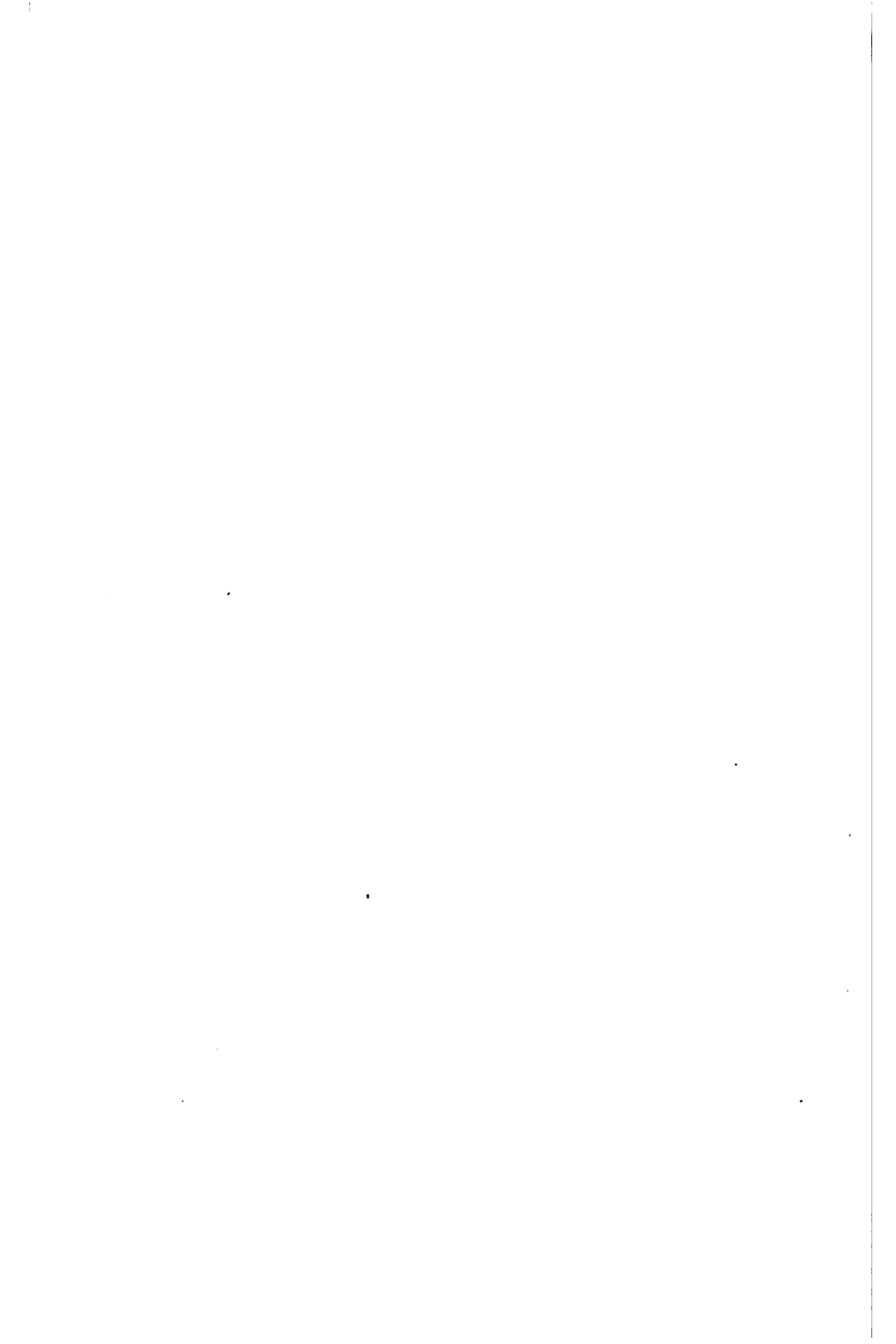
"Those federal guys telegraph everything they do," he laughed scornfully. "But they sure had the right dope on us."

Then he told me the way the game had been played that night.

"I got a room in a lodging house near the hall of justice," he said. "I keep it for just such emergencies."

"The government guys think I live there. Ten to one they've rented every room across the hall."

"I can't go near my boss tonight. The 'mud' is safe and there by now. We'll drop up to my room



and lie low. They'll be watching me; probably think the 'stuff' is coming up there later.

"If they are still shadowing us we'll know in a few minutes."

The Ace of Spades led me up a rickety flight of stairs to his room. The narrow hallway was dimly lighted. He cautiously opened his door, flattening himself against the wall as he did so and striking a match.

Satisfied no one was inside, he led the way in.

I followed him and he closed the door.

He lighted a lamp. The room was as narrow as a cell.

The negro sat down on the bed and hurriedly took a "shot" of cocaine, at the same time listening intently for a noise outside.

It came after a few minutes, a slight creaking of the wooden flooring in the hallway.

"Open the door quick," he said. "Look out. And tell me what you see."

I tiptoed to the door, but a board creaked beneath my feet. There was a sudden stir on the other side of the door. I flung it open and looked out.

Hurrying down the hallway on tiptoe was a man in a long overcoat. He dodged into a side room.

I heard a noise on the stairs, and looked around the corner.

Also on tiptoe, also in a hurry—was a tall man with a long, thin face, in a gray suit.

Our eyes met. He lowered his.

I laughed. He looked at me in feigned surprise; then just a suggestion of a sneer crossed his face.

When I returned to the room the Ace of Spades was crouched in the corner as if ready to spring at the door. I told him what had happened.

"They just beat it," he mused. "That shows they're not ready to make a 'pinch' yet; they've lost 'the stuff' and are waiting. Well, let's hope they wait until h— freezes over."

Again the negro dosed himself with cocaine.

He took so many "shots" that I feared for his sanity.

But of all the men and women using cocaine in the dope world he alone at all times seemed to keep his head under the influence of the drug.

Outside of a continual run of conversation he was to all purposes normal.

We sat in silence. Some one came slowly up the stairs and broke into a fit of coughing.

The negro looked up and showed his teeth in a ready smile. He nodded his head.

"They're gone," he said. "That's the 'office' to get out of here.

"I think it is safe to go to 'the Chink's' now, although I'll have to take you there in a roundabout way."

With that we got up, the negro blew out the light, opened the door and led the way softly downstairs into the street.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE Ace of Spades looked furtively about him when we reached the street.

In the shadow of a doorway across the street we saw the figure of a man. His back was flattened against the door.

"There's one of them," said the Ace of Spades. "We'll throw him off the track. Drop behind me. Follow me into Chinatown.

"Be careful crossing Kearny. Keep your eye peeled on Pete McDonough's saloon."

"Why?" I asked.

The negro showed his teeth in a broad grin.

"They know me too well around there. I don't want them to see me with a stranger.

"They know I wouldn't double-cross anybody, but they might think you were double-crossing me."

"Go head," I said.

The negro shuffled away up the street. I followed him half a block behind.

Across Kearny street in the shadow of Washington, leading up the hill into Chinatown, I lost track

of the negro, but I plodded on knowing that he would meet me somewhere in the dark.

I looked behind and saw a man following me on the opposite side of the street.

Over Portsmouth Square floated the sound of Chinese music from the Sen Suey Ying tong house.

At Grant avenue I passed "Big Jim" Skelly of the Chinatown squad. He called out:

"Hello, Fred! What are you doing up here at this time of the night?"

I dared not stop to speak to him. I was afraid the Ace of Spades would see me on friendly terms with a police sergeant.

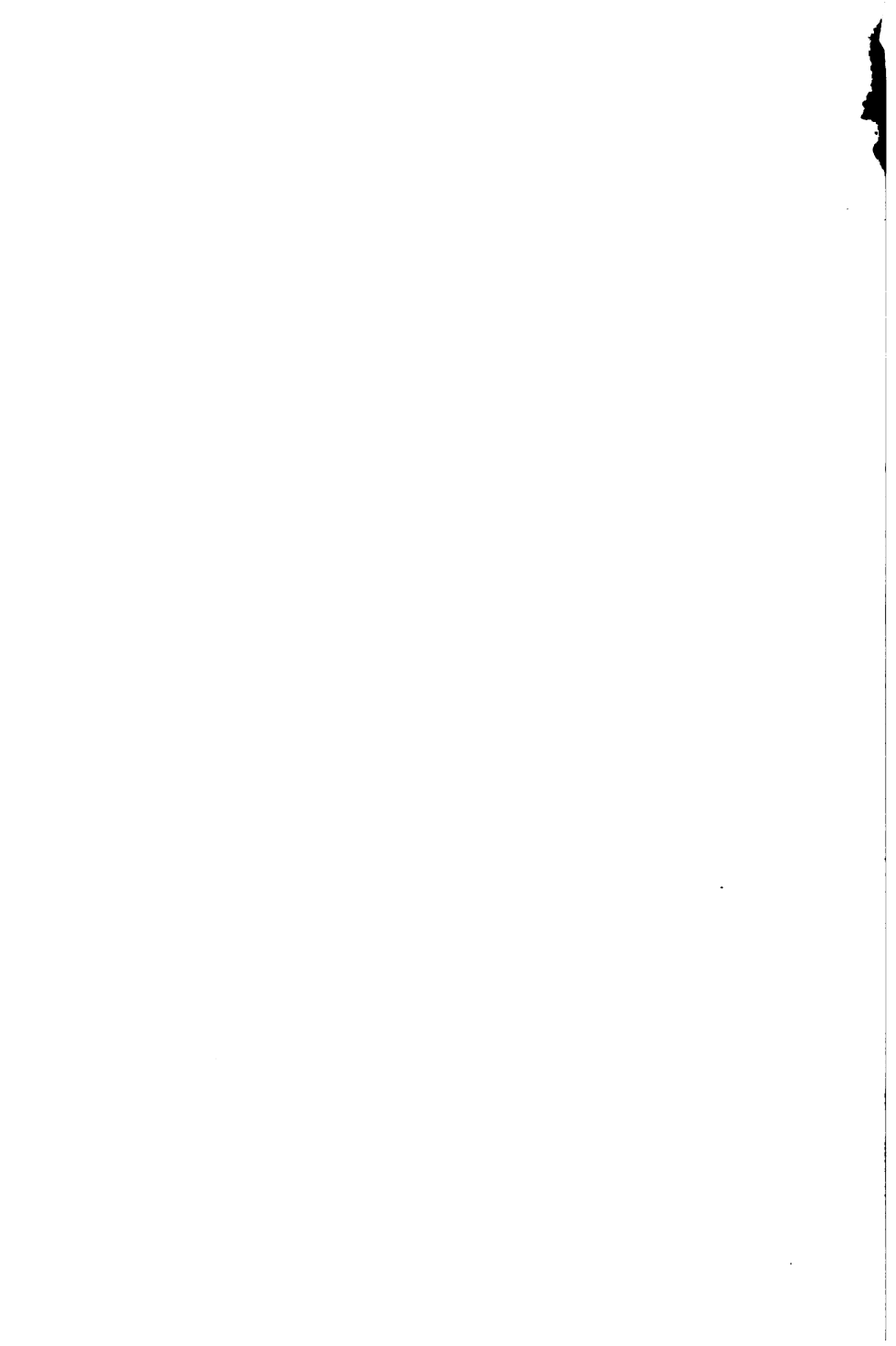
As I hurried across the street and up hill again I looked back and saw "Big Jim" staring after me. He was scratching his head in a perplexed manner.

Crossing an alley I heard some one clear his throat in the shadows. It was the time signal of one "dip" or confidence man to another.

Instinctively I knew it was the Ace of Spades calling to me out of the dark. I stopped short. It was the negro.

"Go into that Chinese restaurant and wait for me," he said, pointing to a little tea shop a few yards ahead. "I'm going to scout around and see if it is safe for us to go on into the Chink's smoke joint."

Here I made an almost fatal mistake. Instead of following out the negro's instructions to the letter, I acted on my own judgment.



I was afraid if I went into the Chinese restaurant I would excite suspicion, so I stayed outside and hugged close to a doorway of a lodging house overhead.

This was where I erred. I hadn't been there in the shadow five minutes before my presence was flashed all over Chinatown.

"Lo Fun—Lo Fun—white man—government man in Chinatown," flashed the word.

Soft slippered Chinese pattered past me in both directions. Up and down the street they slip-slapped, staring up at me in the doorway and carrying the word:

"Lo Fun—Lo Fun—white man—white man—government man in Chinatown."

A continual procession of Chinese waiters (in reality messengers) had been going and coming in the little restaurant next door, trays of tea pots balanced on their heads.

Instead of tea the pots contained hidden opium, morphine and cocaine, speeding in all directions to the innermost recesses of Chinatown.

To all appearances the place was a restaurant doing a thriving business. As a matter of fact it was a big "hop" and "dope" depot, reaching its talons out over the Oriental quarter for the business of the night.

No sooner had I taken my station in the doorway adjoining the "restaurant," than the steady flow of waiter-messengers ceased.

The hour was late, the locality a quarter of Chinatown seldom frequented by whites. My presence was enough to clear the streets and shut down the "hop joints."

In the meantime, the Ace of Spades, rapping lightly with his finger tips on the door of a Chinese opium joint on the edge of Chinatown was brushed by a Chinese messenger.

"Lo Fun—Lo Fun—government man in Chinatown," breathed the Chinese.

The Ace of Spades shot back:

"Where?"

The Chinese described my location.

"No, no," said the negro. "You're wrong. That's my friend. He's a smoker, you fool."

But the Chinese would not heed. He scampered away with the alarm:

"Lo Fun—Lo Fun—white man—white man—government man in Chinatown."

If any government men were in Chinatown that night on a trail other than our own, I knew by this time I had unwittingly "queered" things for them.

CHAPTER XXII.

I SAW the Ace of Spades come down the street. He ducked into my doorway. "Say, you've got all Chinatown crazy to-night," he grunted. "They told me up the street you were a government man. I couldn't convince them you were not."

He led me directly into the Chinese restaurant.

"We'll sit down here and 'chow'," said the Ace. "It was from here the report that you were 'wrong' came. I'll try and tell old 'Long Jack' you are 'right'."

Then the Ace told me that if I had gone into the restaurant and sat down there would have been no suspicions aroused.

"Long Jack" came out of the kitchen. He was a tall, thin, raw-boned Chinese, with straight black hair, cut American style.

He looked neither to the right nor left, but made his way to our table.

Without even glancing down at us he looked straight ahead and asked bluntly:

"What you want?"

The Ace of Spades replied:

"Long Jack—meet my friend."

Long Jack grunted an incoherent reply.

"Lo Fun," he said.

"That makes no difference," retorted the negro.

"He 'smokes.' He got off 'habit.' He smoke now. He friend."

"Lo Fun," grunted the Chinese.

"Aw, bring us the 'java' and 'pie,'" exclaimed the negro.

"And fill the sugar bowl. You make me sick."

Long Jack slapped across the floor in his loose slippers and disappeared in the kitchen. There a hubbub of Chinese chatter arose.

"Did 20 years for a tong murder in 'Quentin,'" said the negro. "Never quite got over it. They broke his heart in there."

The Chinese returned with coffee and pie. His eyes were very black. In their depths lurked the tragedy of those 20 lost years.

Long Jack cast a fleeting glance at me and walked to the door. I had spoiled his business for the night. In his eyes I was a government man seeking to send him back to the place from which he had come.

"He don't act right tonight," the negro said. "He generally kids me about being a hophead; tells me 'I die allee samee quick.'"

"But tonight—say, he'd like to chisel a knife be-

tween your ribs if he could get you in the back room.

"I got a plan," he added. "You look too healthy for a 'hypo,' but it may work."

Here the Ace pulled out his hypodermic needle and a "bundle" of "c." He prepared a "shot."

"When the chink comes back take my needle, roll up your sleeve, make believe you're taking a 'shot' under the table. That'll bring him."

I did as I was told. When Long Jack came back, peeping at me out of the corner of his eyes, I did a correct imitation of a 'hypo's shot' under the restaurant table.

The Chinese gave no sign that the fake "shot" had made an impression with him. He was just as cold, just as austere, just as non-committal as ever when we left the place.

Up the street we turned a corner and, hugging close to the walls, made for a building on the edge of a vacant lot.

"The Chink's," whispered the negro.

At that moment three girls came out of the building, started towards us, stopped, turned about and tripped down the street.

Behind them came the bent figure of a Chinese. The Ace and I hurried to his side. He hurriedly locked the door.

"Charlie, we smoke tonight," said the negro.

The Chinese did not bend up from his lock and

key. With trembling hands he went on locking the door.

"No smokee tonight," he said. "No now. Lo Fun—government man in Chinatown."

"No, no," growled the Ace. "They make mistake. This my friend. He no government man."

The Chinese gave one startled look at me, then turned on his heels and fled down the street.

"Lo Fun—Lo Fun—government man in Chinatown," he wailed.

The Ace of Spades reached into his hat and pulled out his cocaine "gun."

"Ain't that ——," he said. "There you went and closed up a perfectly good joint for the night."

CHAPTER XXIII.

I LEFT the Ace of Spades in Chinatown at 2 o'clock that morning, disgusted on being barred from the Chinese opium joint.

He was no less disgusted at the turn of events.

I struck out for Geary and Scott street.

In Scott street lived the Red Raven and his girl, both drug addicts, both well known in the underworld.

The Red Raven was known as the smartest of the smugglers of a month or so ago. He had operated "the black spider" over town.

The black spider was a trimmed down Ford that scurried across town loaded with cocaine, morphine and heroin. It had regular stops, like a milk wagon, until Captain John O'Meara and Sergeant Tom Furman of the police dope detail enmeshed it in their web.

It had cost the Red Raven every cent he had to keep from going to the "pen."

A bail bond clique had got most of it—but the Red Raven was free and not kicking. It was the luck of the dope world.



Today up. Tomorrow down. That was the way the game went when you played and dealt with dope.

Poppie, the Red Raven's girl, let me in when I rapped on the door of the house in Scott street. It was a basement flat, sparsely furnished. The entrance was nestled deep under the stairway of the flat above.

I gave the Red Raven my credentials. He was a young man with red hair and a pale face. His eyes were small and sharp. He wore a flowing bath-robe of expensive material.

"Come in," he said. "Sit down." Then to the girl: "Bring me some 'papers.'"

Poppie was about 24, somewhat pretty, slender, graceful of movement and dark of eyes with long, thin hands. She wore a fancy morning cap of lace and a dressing robe patterned with dragons in gold cord.

The Red Raven believed me to come from an opium ring in the east, and he chatted of New York and its underworld. He was a San Francisco boy, had started on the "pipe" and—was "winding up on the 'c' and the 'm'."

"I'm down and out," he said. "The police got me and broke me this time. I squared myself, but it cost me every cent I had to keep out of 'the big house.'"

"Even 'the black spider' went while I was in the 'can.' Poppie here had to sell it to buy—"

"Food," I interjected.

"Food, h—," exclaimed the Poppie. "Say I don't eat four bits worth of grub now since I've been on the 'stuff.' Morphine and cocaine has gone up so high and I had to blow it all in getting stuff for the Raven and me."

She lighted a cigaret and flicked the ashes on the floor.

"It's tough," she said bitterly. "The Raven's cut off by his folks. And I can't go home. We're simply up against it."

"There are so many government dicks in town you can't work safely any more," said the Raven. "Of course, if I had a stake, if I had enough money to get on my feet I could 'go' all right—but they take big chunks of real dough out of you before you got any chance to 'work.'"

"I made good money bringing the stuff in from Mexico with 'the black spider.' Cleaned up \$3,000 on one lot. But they got my pardner down in San Diego. I put up more than \$1,000 to square him and he double-crossed me and ran off with the next 'lot.'"

"That's gratitude for you—isn't it?"

A rap came on the door. The Poppie answered it. She re-entered the room with a young man whom the Red Raven called "Blackie."

"Blackie peddles on Fillmore street," she ex-



plained in introduction. "They ain't got him yet. He's lucky."

"Blackie" pulled out a big knife and helped himself to two grains and a half of cocaine.

"Japanese crystal," he said, squinting at the stuff. "A lot of it came in today on the China liner. They floated her in cans outside the gate. I'd like to have half the 'jack' that was in that haul."

And then I heard the story of how dope is smuggled into San Francisco.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN the home of the Red Raven that night I heard the innermost gossip of the dope world and its characters.

I learned of Buck, the scissors grinder, who peddled dope under the eyes of the police as he went around town ringing his bell and calling for knives to sharpen.

Of Ollie the Rat and the Frog—

Of Ping Pong and his partner, "Dirty" Williams, former negro porters on the train from San Francisco to Portland.

Of the Tigress, a white girl, 22, and of doll-like beauty, who won her "moniker" by the ferocity she displayed in scratching people's faces when full of "coke."

The Tigress had been a movie actress and well on the road to success when dope dragged her down and made her name a by-word of the San Francisco underworld.

Then came gossip of the Darby, a pretty brunette, who had won her name by getting mixed up

with a rich man in a scandal and coming out of it with hard cash.

She had made a killing on the ponies, cleaned up \$40,000 and blew it in six months.

The Darby, not quite so pretty, not quite so young, was now eking out a meager existence in the tiny underworld of Eureka.

Can you realize these are real people, real characters who pass you on the streets of San Francisco at least once a week?

Dope! How did it come in? How did it thrive? I pressed the question home and the Red Raven, Blackie and Poppie, the girl, deep in their "shots" of "c," told in substance what I had already learned from the inspector of the pharmacy board and the police department.

The trail led back originally to three big firms of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia.

These firms manufactured great quantities of cocaine and morphine and heroin, but they did it legitimately and exported it legally under bond to Canada and Mexico.

There are Powers & Waitman, famous as "P. & W."; the New York Quinine and Chemical Co., and Burroughs and Welcome—they were "the big three," the firms who manufactured "the stuff."

They had no connection with the smuggling and peddling rings. They carried on a legitimate business.

What became of their shipments under bond to

Canada and Mexico was no concern to them after it left their laboratories.

Canada was the big depot of the dope rings. Out of Canada came cocaine and morphine and heroin of the first grade, smuggled across the border in the berths of Pullman sleepers, wrapped tightly about the bodies of men and women and even children as they lay in their berths at night and answered the questions of the inspectors.

Sometimes it found its way across the Canadian line in the hollow walls of trunks and valises or packed tight under the bodies of touring cars.

There were a hundred different ways of "getting it in" and most of them always succeeded.

Ensenada, Baja California, was the big depot for dope in Mexico. Its principal output, though, was second-grade opium.

Some morphine and cocaine and heroin came over, but in nothing like the quantity that came from Canada.

Canada was "the home of dope" and the "head-quarters" of the big smuggling and peddling rings, they said.

"Cocaine Louis" had a big business, a legitimate business in Vancouver, B. C., but his principal source of revenue came from "the ring" he bossed in San Francisco.

He was agent for the big Canadian dope gang that handled the stuff in bulk, the San Francisco medium by which morphine and cocaine and heroin



and even opium found its way to the dope addicts here.

"Handsome Nat," the fashion-plate of Powell street, a dandified fellow who danced well and was popular with the ladies, was "Cocaine Louis" "messenger boy" on "big transfers."

From "Cocaine Louis" the drugs found their way to "the big five white devil dealers" of San Francisco, "monikered" by the Chinese in Chinatown.

"The big five white devil dealers" are known in turn as follows:

"Foxy" Maloney, who keeps "shop" in Golden Gate avenue, the destinies of his business presided over by a girl known as "Brownie."

"Foxy" Maloney enjoys some prestige in the community and in past pinches has always managed to bring enough influence to bear on the police courts to secure his prompt and timely release.

"Pine Street Pete," second of "the big five," peddles out of the Stockton street tunnel and other places. He does not confine his operations to cocaine and morphine alone.

And he is reputed to be quite chummy with some of the chaps around the Hall of Justice.

"Hard Luck Pat," third member of the ring, depends largely on the ability of his wife.

The couple operate on Twelfth avenue near Golden Gate Park, are quite well to do, and own their own home.

Nobody, not even the government, has ever been

able to put anything over on "Mrs. Pat." She is quite the cleverest little lady in the dope ring.

Where they keep their stuff is the problem that has kept many an aspiring "dick" awake nights.

"Turk Street Paul," just now in a "jam," does business from an automobile and has a large patronage.

"Sammie the Moor" is the fifth, last, but by no means least of "the big five," although "Wise Old Max" might be mentioned for position in the dope business hard by.

Bear in mind these folks don't use "the stuff" that sends so many people down into a living hell. They merely profit by it.

Jails may be clogged with the unfortunate victims of the drug habit, but jail doors open on these people as fast as they close on them. They have plenty of money to fight.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE cost of manufacturing cocaine and morphine in the United States is \$2 and \$3 an ounce.

After its shipment in bond to Canada it is wholesaled there to the smuggling rings and reaches their agents in this country at \$80 and \$90 an ounce in 10 and 20 ounce lots.

It is retailed here at \$200 to \$300 an ounce—the price fluctuating—and eventually is bought by the drug addicts on the streets at \$480 to \$500 an ounce.

The average dope user can not afford to buy by the ounce and seldom even by the dram. Instead, he buys by the quarter dram and even mire frequently by the "bindle."

Cocaine and morphine is now selling at \$3.50 to \$4 and \$6 a quarter dram and at \$1 a "bindle," depending largely on where and how bought and its quality.

From the time the "c" and "m" leaves the hands of the smugglers on the Canadian line, it goes through a process of adulteration.

Each agency through which it passes adulterates it with sugar of milk and other concoctions.

By the time the dope gets to the drug addict it is reduced to such an extent that the user in reality gets but a fraction of his money's worth.

Added to this, however, is the fact that the adulterations have further poisoned the drug so that its use invariably brings out terrible sores and eruptions over the body.

Nine out of ten dope users have sores all over their bodies—due to the sugar of milk and other powders with which the drug is adulterated.

The price of the dope is chiefly raised to \$480 to \$500 an ounce by the small dealers and peddlers who buy an ounce or less of the stuff and cut it up into small "bindles."

Eventually the majority of the dope addicts turn peddlers to obtain money with which to buy their dope. They will buy a dram, cut it up into "bindles," reserve a few "shots" for themselves and peddle the remainder.

There are more than 500 peddlers of dope in San Francisco when the dope addict who sells half his buy is taken into consideration.

I should judge, from my life among the users that there are from 15,000 to 20,000 slaves to "the habit" in San Francisco.

This estimate embraces all classes and conditions and takes in many men and women who are working and at the same time secretly using morphine.

Sooner or later the morphine makes them drowsy at their work and they resort to shots of cocaine along with it. Their addiction never fails in the end to drag them down and down until they become not only the associates of criminals but thieves themselves.

It costs on an average of \$6 to \$8 and \$10 a day to use cocaine and morphine.

A dope addict can get along on \$3 at a pinch, but it will not keep him entirely from suffering.

On the other hand, opium smoking costs on an average of \$20 a day.

Opium of a fair Mexican grade wholesales on this side of the border for \$90 a tin in five tael tins of less than half a pound quantity.

Li Yuen, or No. 1 high grade opium wholesales at \$147 to \$200 a half-pound.

It retails in San Francisco at \$350 a tin.

The "smoker" pays \$1 a card and \$1 for his "lay down" and "lay out," use of the bunk and opium lamp and pipes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OPIUM is invariably served on a playing card. It takes four or five cards to give the average smoker anything like a "kick."

And at least thirty minutes must be consumed before the user of opium experiences the soft, warm glow and a general feeling of content and peace with the world, that the deadly poppy habit brings to its slaves in exchange for their souls.

A card of opium is sold in the dens for \$1. There are four smoking pills to a card. A pill can be easily burned or destroyed.

If smoked too green it will kill as quickly as strychnine.

A smoker, to get the biggest "kick" out of his pipe, must be skilful not only in the cooking of the tiny pellets of the drug, but in the actual handling and smoking of his pipe.

Old time smokers draw in deep draughts of the drug with one quick intake of their breath.

The amateur, catching his breath, loses the greater portion of his pill in the fire. The opium waste forms ashes about the bowl of the pipe which

the canny Chinese who runs the joint later utilizes as yen shee.

Yen shee finds its way again on the market as a second-grade opium which the poorer smokers buy and use.

A yen shee toy is the ivory vessel in a joint which holds opium to the weight of 12 foon (Chinese measurement). Two foon of hop retails in the San Francisco joints at four bits; five foon at \$1.00.

An opium smoker accustomed to the use of the drug must spend at least \$15 a day to keep from suffering for lack of it. Twenty dollars will come nearer to his daily average as to the cost of the stuff.

The smoking of opium in San Francisco and other large cities of the country is indulged in by persons of means who start on the "habit" as "pleasure smokers," and have the money to not only buy the "stuff," but to steal away to quiet retreats and smoke it.

Another class using opium is the higher type of criminals. They are whites, and invariably good dressers. Negroes frequenting the tenderloins of the big cities are also largely addicted to the "habit."

Opium smokers as a rule like company. Unlike cocaine and morphine users, they are generally cleanly in person and inclined to wear not only good clothes, but silks and satins of bright and varied hues.

The greatest treat of attending an opium party is to listen to the constant run of chatter kept up by the smokers among themselves.

Under the influence of the drug they are prone to give not only the history of their own lives, but that of others.

Deceit is a predominant feature of the average smoker. Three or four may be gathered in their bunks in a den and amuse themselves in running down the reputation of an absent comrade.

If he chances to enter on the scene they will greet him like a long-lost friend and sing his praises to the sky. The average opium party is a vaudeville show in itself.

Men and women smoke together as a rule.

It is considered quite the proper thing in the average den for a male smoker, on entering the joint, to walk up to the bunk of a woman smoker and ask her if she objects to his company. He may never have seen the woman before.

Invariably the woman will reply that she would be pleased to have his company. He will kick off his slippers and climb in beside her.

It is the unwritten law of the average opium den that a man tend the pipe of his woman companion as well as his own, rolling and cooking her "pills," although many times smokers with money hire a hanger-on in the joint to cook for them.

Sometimes three or four persons will crowd in

one bunk—men and women. The den is very small as a rule and the bunks are seldom curtained.

The fumes of the drug hang-out, skirting the floor instead of the ceiling. In a well-appointed den these fumes are carried off into the floor by way of ventilators and driven to the roof by means of electric fans, propelling the smoke upward.

Opium smoke has a tendency to float downward instead of upward. It will escape through the tiniest crack.

A smoker on the fifth or sixth floor of an apartment house may be given away by the fumes escaping through his window and going to the sidewalk in almost a straight line.

The fumes of the drug are at first pleasant, then sweet and finally sickening. That is, to the non-addict.

But to the man or woman with a habit, with a yen yen or "habit on," they sharpen the inner craving for the stuff and set the senses tingling for deep, long draughts of the drug.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A MAN or a woman seldom smokes in an opium joint as attired for the street.

The first act of a smoker on entering a den is to divest himself of his coat, vest and shoes as well as collar, or if it is a woman, of her outer dress.

The proprietor of every well appointed smokers' haunt provides dressing gowns for the men and kimonos for the women as well as a pair of sandals or slippers.

The outer garments are checked much after the fashion of a hat and cloak room at a hotel or restaurant.

The smoker dons his robe and slips his stocking feet into the sandals or slippers. The dressing robe or kimono is generally of the finest silk and brightly colored if not patterned in fantastic dragons of gold cord.

Entering the den, the smoker finds himself in a small enclosure surrounded by two and three tiers of bunks on which the smokers lie.

In the center of the room is the yen she quai, an

old Chinese who deals out your layout and cards and takes your money.

If you are not familiar with your cooking utensils the rest of the smokers will "josh" you unmercifully. There are a lot of things to know and remember in smoking opium.

For instance, these are what the old man hands you, and there are so many articles and they bear so many different names and have so many usages that your brain is in a whirl before you settle yourself down to "hit the pipe."

First comes the pipe—the stem and the bowl.

Then the lamp and the tray.

Bobs up the yen she gow which sounds like a lot of things, but isn't. It's just a crooked stick used to clean the pipe.

The suey pow is only a rag to wash the pipe with.

The yen hok is the long needle, something like a straightened hair-pin, which is used to cook and roll your pill.

It takes a lot of lessons to learn to smoke right. The average beginner thinks it is a lot of fun. The parties he attends are merry.

And then—of a sudden—he wakes up one morning with a cramp in his stomach and an ache in his bones.

He thinks of going to a doctor. His friends, the old time smokers, laugh.

"It's 'the habit,'" they chortle. "Old top, you're one of us now. You can't get away.

"If you don't believe us, 'smoke' and see how soon that yen yen leaves you."

He drags himself to the den and calls for his hop. The first long draughts are sweet. They are the nectar of life to him.

Gone—after 15 minutes or so of furious, eager, hungry puffing—is the cramp in his stomach and the ache of his bones.

He goes out into the fresh air a new man, a normal man, a well man. It was the hop that did it.

The thing sticks in his mind.

He knows—how well he knows—that the hop has got him, that he belongs.

But—and here's the pitiful part of it—he doesn't care. From now on he lives for the "stuff." Family, friends, future are tossed away for love of the poppy.

He goes back to the pipe again and again—not for the mythical dreams that fiction writers tout and that never in reality occur—but to rid himself of the pains and aches that follow abstinence from "the stuff."

There are thousands of him over the country—in every large city. And when opium is taken away from him he follows in the wake of the lost souls that have gone before him—he hits the needle and becomes a "hypo."

THE END.

"THE HOP-HEADS" A GREAT TRUTH FROM THE "DOPE" WORLD

Says San Francisco Board of Health Head

DR. WM. C. HASSLER

Health officer for the City and County of San Francisco.

The impression made upon many of the persons who read the story "Dope," by Mr. Fred V. Williams, which appeared as a serial in The Daily News of San Francisco was that which any strange, weird or fantastic tale of fiction might create, and because of a lack of understanding, the chords of sympathy in the breasts of these readers remained untouched and a true story, with deep, underlying human interest, calling for medical and sociological assistance was dismissed with a shrug and a smile.

On the other hand we find a large group of readers to whom the story was neither strange, weird nor fantastic, but because of their contact with and study of the problem, they had a clear understanding and saw only the message in the story which Mr. Williams so literally conveyed in

the words and actions of the actual victims of drug addiction disease.

That narcotic drug addiction is a definite physical disease can easily be established and proven beyond the peradventure of doubt, and that it is curable, if so handled, is likewise conceded and accepted by all those who have had experience with the problem. What is the great intelligent American public going to do, is the question. One thing is certain, it is neither good form nor justice in this twentieth century to emulate the ostrich, and even though a convincing argument can be made that is good form to bury the head in a sand dune and neither hear nor see, yet the great majority of our citizens will demand an investigation into the justice or injustice of permitting a large part of our sick fellow-beings going about suffering and untreated.

As Dr. E. S. Bishop of New York (an eminent authority on the subject), says: "We have prayed over our addicts, cajoled them, exhorted them, imprisoned them, treated them as insane, and made them social outcasts; either refused them admission to our hospitals or turned them out after inefficient treatment with their addiction still fastened to them; or we have ignored or misinterpreted intense physical agony and symptomatology and regarded failure to abstain as evidence of weak will-power or lack of desire to forego morbid pleasure. Our literature pictures them as weak-minded, de-

teriorated wretches, mental and moral derelicts, pandering to morbid sensuality; taking a drug to soothe them into dream states and given them languorous delight—held by us all in despite and disgust and regarded as so depraved that their rescue is impossible and they, unworthy of its attempt.”

Forty volumes could not present in a clearer manner the attitude of the great majority of the people, and sad to relate a large part of the medical profession toward the so-called hypo-fiend, hop-head or drug addict.

We used to treat the victims of yellow fever, bubonic plague, smallpox and leprosy, as well as those suffering from other diseases, in much the same way. We hired guards and armed them with shut-guns and rifles to kill all who crossed certain lines of quarantine. What do we do today for these victims? We drain the swamps, oil the pools and kill the mosquito in yellow-fever districts, and carefully and hygienically treat the infected in well-ventilated and screened hospitals. We build out and destroy the rat for plague, and we vaccinate the contacts of smallpox, and without fear because of the protective vaccination, care for the sick in a rational manner. So it is with the leper; we no longer stone him or cause him to wear a certain badge and cry out unclean, but we have a Molokai or a Colon where humane, scientific treatment is outlined for his disease.

Can we do less for the victim of a narcotic drug addiction? If you think so, gentle reader, remember this admonition that I or any other physician can make of the strongest minded, most forceful and strongest character among you, a confirmed addict in a month's time.

I am convinced that the lack of proper enlightenment on the subject is responsible for our attitude. If the people knew that the great majority of so-called "drug fiends" are found among the upper strata of society and includes doctors, lawyers, statesmen, business men, intelligent and able mechanics and men and women employed in the great commercial stream that connects and co-relates with one or the other or all of the activities of human life and that only the small percentage of users of narcotic drugs are of the criminal type and that many of these were first addicts and later criminals, there would be an insistent demand for action that would offer hope, inspire confidence, insure cure and rehabilitation instead of framing of laws and acts as at present prevails that become obstacles to needed medical effort and help. No physician is willing to assume the burden the present laws lay upon him, and hence he will not treat even a worthy addict. This drives the addict into the undesirable underworld or illicit channels of drug commerce.

The time has come for us to change our view-

point on narcotic drug addiction. The police viewpoint — that the addiction is a self-imposed habit, continued because of moral depravity—is no longer tenable, because it was gained as a result of experience with drug peddlers, vicious and petty thieves or ex-convicts, hence all addicts are criminals.

The viewpoint of many medical attendants of penal institutions is that of the police, because of their experience with only the criminal class, and because they see and must handle the dregs of humanity, such as we find among degenerates, defectives, high-grade imbeciles and the hysteroid types, all of whom are always easy victims of curiosity and suggestion and because of surroundings readily fall into narcotic indulgence.

The care and cure of the addiction symptomatology of this class is a minor consideration as compared with their custodial or correctional care and training necessary for a long period (perhaps for life).

Their fundamental condition is not addiction, but morbidity and irresponsibility of mind, and this class and type of addict is primarily and fundamentally the problem of the alienist, and does not come within the purview of the help and assistance due to 90 per cent of the drug addicts.

Our viewpoint toward the problem must change also because in recent years there has been a great

increase of young narcotic drug users, who are neither defectives, subnormal, nor degenerates, but who are victims of instability, curiosity, excitement, and sensation seeking, physiological with the developmental period of adolescence in both boy and girl.

The girl offers the most serious problem. Young, inexperienced, untaught, adventurous, imaginative, she falls an easy victim for the recruiting agent of white slavery.

The ranks of white slavery are largely filled by secretly making addicts of young girls, then holding them for immoral purposes through the enslaving power of the drug.

So it is with the boy who with his adventurous companions is willing to "try anything once," lays the foundation for drug addiction by taking his "first shots," or "hitting the pipe" just to see if the stories he has heard are true.

We owe this future man and woman not only medical help, but every sociological and educational assistance within our power. The average medical practitioner must also change his viewpoint, because of his time having been devoted along other lines or specialties in medicine and surgery he has had no time to familiarize himself with the true facts of drug addiction and has accepted the police viewpoint which as I have stated elsewhere is that of a mental and moral weakling and



a despicable creature of habit. The facts are that these are only the small minority of the addicts, but that the great majority exist among many of the most noted men and women in professional and business life, who because of their more fortunate conditions in life are able to hide their affliction and by so doing they are not falsely judged, but their addiction symptoms are the same as those of the gutter type.

It is because of ignorance of the true physical conditions resulting from drug addiction and less about how to care and treat the addict, that we have so much misery, crime, and wasted lives incident to the use of the habit forming drugs.

If the medical profession will about face and look squarely at the problem or question of drug addiction, it will not take very long to determine whether it is a social, a medical, or a plain police problem.

How shall we approach the question? First, by an intelligent survey of each community and secondly, by a rational scientific study of drug addiction, is the answer. For years Dr. Ernest S. Bishop, of New York, has been hammering at the medical profession to come forward and give their aid and co-operation to the efforts being directed to a better understanding of this grave disease, which debases and often blasts the career of the most brilliant as well as making life-long slaves of the less

virile on the one hand, while on the other, it costs the community millions of dollars annually because of pilfered and destroyed property and prosecution and care of drug addict offenders.

Contrary to present opinion the drug addict alone is the only one who realizes that he is really a sick man, and from the day he learns that the curse of addiction has claimed his body as a prey, his daily hope and prayer is to be cured.

His earnestness and desperation make him an "easy mark" for many fake institutions, quack cures, and unscrupulous persons who exploit him merely for gain and the hopelessness resulting from the measures tried compel him to continue the drug not from choice, but because its continuance is the only relief from unspeakable tortures.

Again, contrary to popular belief, he experiences no exhilarating effects from its use, but the most he hopes for is that it will lift him back to as near the feeling of a normal man and sustain him there while he tries to complete his day's task (many addicts have dependents or families to support).

The spur that should stimulate the whole medical profession into immediate action is the evidence at hand of results obtained by the Government in suppressing prostitution during the war period; of the wonderful results obtained in the study and prevention of tuberculosis; of typhoid fever; of malaria, and yellow fever.

The steps to follow are not only simple but seem logical and rational. Briefly they are:

1st. Establishing of a drug addict clinic or dispensary, and social service department.

2nd. Hospital facilities for treatment of certain types.

3rd. The arm or country sanatorium.

4th. Legislation of national character that licenses the manufacture and distribution of habit-forming drugs.

1. The Clinic:

Following along the lines of Dr. M. W. Swords, of New Orleans, who was the first to inaugurate a drug addict clinic, the victim is enabled to obtain his drug at a cost that eliminates the peddler or trafficker and eliminates the dope doctor and dishonest druggist, enabling the worthy addict to obtain his needed supply in a legitimate manner, maintain a self-respect and support himself and family.

This clinic further tends to prevent the making of new crops of addicts and criminals of existing addicts. The trafficker and peddler are in the business because of the profit it gives and the gain depends upon the increase of victims. It also brings to light the various underground channels and sources of supply and permits of the apprehension of those guilty of this illicit traffic.

The clinic if intelligently and competently ad-

ministered will not only find the drug balance of each addict, but it will inquire into and remedy all correctible constitutional and physical defects of its visitors and where necessary will arrange for hospitalization or permanent custodial care of cases of addiction. For that large class of addicts who are users because of some irremediable constitutional disease, the clinic forms the legitimate source of their supply.

In addition to all the functions mentioned the clinic offers the center for survey of the drug addiction problem in each community.

The Social Service Division of the Clinic.

Closely linked to the clinic there must be an intelligent and experienced social service department in whose charge must rest the problems associated with environment, employment, and social status of the addict.

2. The Hospital.

No clinic will be able to consummate its functions unless certain facilities are available to care for and treat the addict not only for his addiction disease, but for other medical or surgical conditions that offer hope of amelioration or cure prior to sending the patient to the farm or country sanatoria.

Whether this work should be done in a special psychopathic hospital or in the general hospital is immaterial in the beginning. It is, however, mate-

rial to make a start, and in the absence of a special hospital the general city hospital will answer.

For the criminal element and those having well defined stigmata a portion of the county jail could be separated as a place where these addicts should be made to serve a definite sentence, and while under this custodial supervision each case could be scientifically studied and treated.

Nearly all such institutions are equipped to furnish some form of employment to the inmates so that the addict could be given certain outdoor work as an adjunct to his or her treatment.

3. The Farm or Country Sanatorium.

This forms the last link in the chain for the medical care and handling of drug addiction cases. Here just as in the tuberculosis problem the sick man or woman under the restful influences of change of environment, country atmosphere, and outdoor work, builds up the physical and mental and rehabilitates the moral forces of a shattered nervous and muscular system.

The time to be spent here must depend upon the case and the period of illness, progress made prior to commitment to the farm, and various other factors, but in no instance must the time be limited to a few weeks or months, for in this particular affliction, as in no other, is there "waste in haste."

4. Finally, Legislation:

From experience gained by the survey, the study,

and the care of drug addiction, as outlined herein, and from the propaganda of education of the public, which naturally follows the measures looking to the control of any civic problem, will come a sane and protective legislation which among other things will probably license certain establishments and limit the quantity of narcotic drugs to be manufactured and probably designate a special pharmacy or drug clinic where prescriptions containing narcotics may be filled.

Lack of time and space prevent an elaboration on the plan outlined or a discussion of many of the associated, correlated angles or phases of the problem. Sufficient has been said to warrant a trial of some plan that will disseminate an authoritative information on the facts of drug addiction disease and bring about an ethical scientific handling of the victims of habit forming drugs.

When do we begin?

"THE HOP-HEADS," AN AWAKENING TO THE PERILS OF THE DRUG EVIL

By CAPT. JOHN J. O'MEARA

**Chief of the Narcotic Squads of the San Francisco
Police Department.**

The story of "Dope" by Fred V. Williams in the San Francisco Daily News, published in book form under the title of "The Hop-heads," has awakened the public to the realization that something must be done to check this evil.

The story itself illustrates very clearly that the menace of the drug evil has its origin in the underworld. Profits realized by the illicit trade encourage dealers, many of whom do not use the drug themselves, to openly and persistently violate the law.

They encourage youths in the use of drugs so as to enlarge their trade and once the victim gains the habit it becomes necessary to resort frequently to the underworld for his supply.

The associations of the underworld together with the effect of the drugs invariably destroys all moral conception and drives away all decent instincts and

ultimately the habitue will commit any form of crime in order to satisfy his craving for drugs.

The drug addict and his relation to crime has become a problem which makes no distinction. Rich and poor alike are affected by it. All drug addicts are not criminals, but a continual use of narcotics impairs the will, memory and understanding of its victim; obliterates his sense of right and wrong and is prone to cause him to embrace the wrong even though contrary to his nature.

I believe that at least 15 per cent of all cases coming into the criminal courts are cases arising from the use of drugs.

In this I include those charged with larceny, robbery, assault and crimes involving moral turpitude.

The traffic in drugs has increased noticeably since the war-time prohibition act went into effect. This is not due to the fact that addicts use liquor extensively for very few of them use it at all.

The only conclusion then that can be drawn is that there are more addicts now than before, which is true. Young men who formerly found solace in liquor are now using narcotics because they are unable to secure liquor.

There is a wide difference of opinion among medical and professional men on the subject of treatment and cure for drug addiction and they admit that little is known of satisfactory methods of substitution at the time of the final withdrawal of the drug.

Many addicts have been sent to institutions for treatment but I have never seen a complete cure effected, that is where the individual was absolutely rehabilitated and restored to normal health.

In the latter part of 1917 the legislature investigating committee of New York state on the drug evil, State Senator Whitley, Chairman, began a session in New York City and publicly appealed to the medical profession to render their professional services in treating drug addiction. (Annual report Pol. Com. Enright, N. Y., 1918).

The appeal met with response from physicians who took up the subject under the provisions and regulations of the public health laws which seems to have resulted in bringing under their care most of the drug addicts.

This appears to be a step in the right direction in the treatment of users and a prevention of the further spread of the habit among others.

This was a period when the illicit source of supply was practically suppressed by the strict enforcement of the law by the police which left the addict no alternative but to apply for treatment at public hospitals and to physicians.

It was instrumental to a great extent in putting the illicit street peddlers out of business and removing the source of the evil from the streets.

The peddlers found their former customers going to doctors and that they could not compete with the doctors who were permitted by law to prescribe narcotics in the course of treatment.

The price of the narcotics furnished by the doctors was much less and the quality of drugs fewer than sold on the streets by the peddlers.

This arrangement made a great change in conditions and the number of arrests for traffic in drugs decreased. Addicts who applied for treatment were given a certificate stating that the bearer was an addict and that he is under treatment and any drug in his possession has been lawfully prescribed.

This is in accordance to law and exempts the addict from arrest and prosecution. It made it hard for beginners to secure drugs as the peddlers were driven from the streets and reputable physicians would not prescribe narcotics for any other than those whose bodies were craving the stuff.

This system appears to have remedied to a large extent the drug evil in New York, but it cannot be put in force here until necessary laws are passed by the California legislature, laws which would empower the boards of health to carry out just such a plan.

In the meantime the only course open to the police is to enforce the present laws and prevent as best they can the evil from getting beyond control.

To do this it is necessary to give the subject constant police attention in order to keep the traffic at its lowest possible minimum compatible with the legitimate use of drugs for strictly medicinal purposes.

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